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OREGON SPECTATOR.

D. J. SCHNEELY, EDITOR.

Westward the Star of Empire takes its way.

[T. D. WATSON & G. D. R. BOYD, PRS.]

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THE OREGON SPECTATOR.

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D. J. SCHNEELY, Editor and Proprietor.

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MISCELLANY.

OLD MAIDS.

OR,

A MISTAKE ABOUT MARRIAGE.

When I was a little girl, I was a fat, merry, jolly dumpling, as happy as the day was long. Lively body, plump cheeks, and I waddled about with my doll in my plump arms, finding fun in every thing, and fully believing that my doll was as sensible as myself, and that she was almost. But though I had a natural antipathy to a spinning wheel, and had no fondness for spending a long summer's afternoon in poking a needle in and out of a bit of calico, though I considered patchwork all fool-hous, and gossamer as utter superfluities, though I was called a simpleton for asking my mother why she cut cloth up and then sewed it together again, still I was fond of picking up ideas after my own fashion. When the wise people around me supposed it was thinking of nothing but my play, my two little ears were open to every word spoken in my hearing, and many were the words impressed on my memory, which the speaker forgot the next instant.

When I was ten years old, I had one sister aged fifteen, and another seventeen, and, as usual with girls of that age, they had a set of cronies, some very like, and some quite unlike them in character. One afternoon, as I was tending my doll, Ophelia, who was sick in bed, I heard a brisk discussion among these girls, which, I may almost say, decided my fate for life.

The first words which caught my attention came from an animated, romantic girl of sixteen, scolding because the heroine of a novel she had just read was left unmarried at the end of the story.

One of the sisters did not seem to sympathize with this burst of disapprobation, and then came the pithy question—
"What! would you be willing to die an old maid?"

Mary said very quietly, "Yes," and sister Ellen added, "So would I."

Then such looks of amazement and incredulity. "You can't mean what you say," cried one. "If I did not know you too well to think you a hypocrite," said another. "Why it was meant that all women should be married," exclaimed a third.

"Then why are they not all married?" asked Mary, with simplicity.

Eager and hot grew the controversy, and I lost not a word, while Ophelia lay flat on her back, her still kid arms sticking out, and her group quite forgotten. Then first did I take notice of that terrible combination of monosyllables, "Old Maid." In how many different tones of contempt, dread and depreciation did I hear it uttered by those juvenile voices! What anecdotes came forth about cross old maids, and fifty old maids, and ugly and dressey, and leaved, and pious, and fitting, and mischief making old maids! Never did a bevy of regular fifty-years old spinners utter so much scandal in one afternoon, as was poured forth by these blooming young creatures.

Two or three friends of my mother, whom I had always cherished in my innocent affections, because they talked so pleasantly and were so kind to me, now appeared like new personages. "Miss Z. was so ugly, she never could have had an offer," Miss Y. dressed so shabby, and wore green spectacles to look literary."

And "Miss A. was forever talking about Sunday School and Baxter Hall meetings," and so on.

You may be sure that the next time these ladies came to our house, I scanned very close the face of Miss Z., a face I had always loved before, but now I saw that it was exceedingly plain. I looked hard at Miss Y.'s drab colored bonnet and shawl, perceived that they were old fashioned and ordinary, and that her green spectacles looked pedantic. Then Miss X., beside whom I had always squeezed in upon the sofa, encouraged by her kindly smile and delighted with her conversation—how uninteresting she had become! They were all old maids!

It must be observed that my sisters—right good, sensible, domestic girls, they were—had no part in this bewilderment of my young ideas. They were in the minority, so I took it for granted they were in the wrong. Besides, what children are ever so much influenced by what is uttered in the familiar voices in their own family, as by the words of comparative strangers?

I learned my lesson thoroughly, for it came to me in some shape every week. I read it in every novel and newspaper, and heard it from every lip. The very men who spoke truth and sense on the subject, sometimes neutralized it by an idle jest in some moment of levity, and the rest drove out the truth from my young heart.

At eighteen, I lived only for the ignoble purpose—I can not bear to say—of getting married, but what could have been the ruling wish of one who had been taught by society to dread a baby worse than death? I dare say I betrayed it in the ball room, in the street, every where I dare say I was duly laughed at.

At last, quaking on the verge of six and twenty, I had an offer—a most absurd one. I was six years older than my lover, had ten times as much sense, probably, excepting on one point. I knew that he was rather wild, a grand phrase goes—in short, I neither loved nor respected him—but I was willing to marry him, because then I should be Miss Somebody, and should not be an old maid.

My parents said "No," positively. Of course I thought them unreasonable and cruel, and made my self very miserable. Still, it was something to have had "an offer" of any kind, and my lips were not hermetically sealed. I had several confidential friends who took care that all my acquaintances should know the comfortable fact that I had refused Mr. S.

I went on with increasing uneasiness, a few years longer, not seeking how to be useful, or trying to find out for what good purpose I was made. Neither was I looking for a companion who could sympathize with my better aspirations and elevate my whole character, for I had no right views of marriage. I was simply gazing about in anxious suspense upon every unmarried man of my acquaintance, for one who would lift me out of that dismal valley of humiliation into which I felt myself descending. Had I met Appleton my self there with the question on his lips, I believe I should have said "Yes."

At thirty-six I wore more pink ribbons than ever, was seen every where that a respectable woman could go, wondering why girls went into company so young, found I was growing sharp faced and sharp spoken and was becoming old-fashioned in the worst sense of the word, because I was an old maid against my will. I forgot that voluntary celibacy never affects the temper.

My sisters, be it remembered, were older than I. They, too, were single. But they had lived more domestic lives than I had read fewer works of fiction, had been cultivating their own natures, and seeking to make every body around them happy. And every body revered them, and loved to look upon their open, pleasant countenances—I mean every body worth pleasing—and they were very happy.

At last our good parents died, and left each of us a little independence. Within a year I was married.

I was married for my money. That was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of purgatory.

I have had bad luck as a wife, for my husband and I have scarcely one taste in common. He wishes to live in the country, which I hate. I like the thermometer at seventy-five degrees, which he hates. He likes to have his children brought up at home instead of at school, which I hate. I like music and want to go to concerts, which he hates. He likes to rest, which I hate. I hate, and I like minced veal, which he hates. There is but one thing which we both like, and that is what we cannot both have, though we are always trying for it—the last word.

I had bad luck as a mother, for two such huge, selfish, passionate, unmanageable boys never tormented a father's man since boys began. I wish I had called them both Cain. At this moment they have just quarreled over their marbles. Mortimer has torn off Orville's collar, and Orville has applied his colt like heel to Mortimer's ribs; while the baby Zenobia in my lap, who never sleeps more than half an hour at a time, and cries all the time she is awake, has been tossed by their din to sleep in a chorus.

I have had bad luck as a housekeeper, for I never kept a household more than

three weeks. And as to cooks, I look back bewildered on the long phantasmagoria of faces flitting stormily through my kitchen, as a mariner remembers a rapid succession of thunder gusts and hurricanes in the Gulf of Mexico. My new household bounced out of the room yesterday, flitting her dust, and uttering "dear old maid, after all!" just because I showed her a table on which I could write "slut," with my finger in the dust.

I never see my plump, happy sisters, and then glance in the mirror at my own cadaverous, long, doleful visage, without wishing myself an old maid. I do it every day of my life.

Yet half of my sex marry as I did, not for love but for fear—for fear of dying an old maid.

They have their reward. And those whose idle tongues create this mischievous fear, and thus make so much domestic misery, have then responsibility.

Yankee Wit.

Soon after the revolutionary war, a brave Yankee officer, a former captain in the service, happened to be at Petersburg, in Russia, and while there was invited to dine at the table of a distinguished merchant. There was a large number of guests at the table, and amongst the rest an English lady, who was anxious to appear as one of the "knowing ones." On understanding that an American was sitting near her, she expressed to one of her friends a determination to quiz him. She fastened upon him like a quizzing machine, numerous inquiries touching our habits, customs, dress, manners, modes of life, education, amusements, &c. To all these queries the captain gave courteous answers which seemed to satisfy all the company with the exception of the lady herself. She was determined not to be satisfied, and went on. "Have the rich people in your country any carriages?" for I suppose there are some who call them selves rich.

"My residence," replied the captain, "is in a small town upon an island, where there are but few carriages kept, but in the larger towns and cities on the mainland there are quite a number maintained suited to our republican manner."

"Indeed?" replied his fair questioner, in a tone that was both interrogative and exclamatory, "I can't fancy where you get coachmen. I shouldn't think the Americans knew how to drive a coach."

"We find no difficulty on that account, madam," calmly replied the captain, "we can have plenty of drivers by sending to England for them."

"To England?" exclaimed the lady, speaking very quickly, "I think the Americans ought to drive the English, instead of the English, driving the Americans."

"We did madam, in the late war," rejoined the officer, "but since the peace, we have permitted the English to drive us."

There was no more "quizzing" of our American during the dinner. He waited in vain, like Sam Weller in "Bardell's Pickwick," for the next question.

AN ANECDOTE.—One of our old subscribers—a New Yorker—thinks the following anecdote of the late Judge Ambrose Spencer, of that State—which he has treasured up in his memory—would be a nurse some of our readers.

Several years ago, Judge Ambrose Spencer was holding court, at Sandy Hill, Washington Co. N. Y., when he saw an Irishman sitting on one of the back seats with his hat on. "Mr. Sheriff," said the Judge, "and take that man's hat off!" The Sheriff in obedience to the command, went to the man and ordered him to remove his "till," with all possible despatch. The Irishman, being in liquor, or rather the humor being in him, demurred with "some noise and confusion" to the order, when the Sheriff reported to the Judge that the man was drunk. The Judge thereupon directed the Sheriff to make the man pay a fine of seventy-five cents, or lock him up.

In the afternoon the same man was observed sitting in the same place with his hat on. The same order was given and the same report made. The Sheriff was directed to make him pay seventy-five cents, or lock him up. The fine was not forthcoming, and the Sheriff started with his charge for the lock up, but before they arrived there, the Irishman begged as a favor of the Sheriff, not to lock him up, as he had money, but to permit him to "spoke a word to the Judge." After promising to be civil, the Sheriff returned with the man to the court house, and informed the Judge that the Irishman wished to speak to him. "What do you wish to say to me," said the Judge. "Please your honor," said the man, "do you fine a man in this country twice for the same offence?" "No," said the Judge, "why?" "Why please your honor, you made me pay seventy-five cents this morning for being drunk, and now you want seventy-five more, and I swear I have not been sober since!" "Let him go!"—let him go! said the Judge, and such a roar of laughter, was never before heard in the old Court House. The Judge stern as he was on the bench, could not refrain from smiling.—Quincy Whig.

Finer weather Oct. 21st, and no frost.

Ben Hardin.

Who has not heard of Ben Hardin, of Ky., whose rough eloquence was described (by John Randolph, we believe) as resembling a "kitchen knife whetted on a brick-bat?" He has long been famous for many eccentricities of character and for an extraordinary perversity of temper, which led him to oppose whatever other people advocated. He is now a candidate for some office in Nelson county, Ky., and the Bardonia Herald takes him off in the following graphic style.—St. Louis Intel.

Mr. Hardin, though he knows he will have no opposition is still making speeches in this country, in which he abuses the Herald, the Herald and almost everybody about the Herald and almost everybody. He is opposed to common schools and sub soil plows, and railroads, and blue glass, and every breed of hogs except the razor backs, which can go in and out of his fields at pleasure, and gather his crops for him without ever accumulating any troublesome quantity of laid and he is opposed to any means of carrying surplus produce to market, because he is opposed to having any surplus. He is ideal of human felicity is to live in a hole, in which he can raise plenty of cabbage, so that he may have cabbage for breakfast, fast, and boiled cabbage for dinner, and fried cabbage for supper.

He once said of himself, as we have been told, that he was twenty years behind the age. While he has been peering along through the mud on his old horse, with his pantaloons half way up to his knees, his shocking bad hat hanging in tatters around his meditative brow, talking to himself about some rusty quibble of the law, he seems not to have known the world was in motion all around him—that steam, railways and telegraphs were changing the face of the globe. Or, if he has had some dim notion of what was going on, like the man who, waked up in the midst of an earthquake, and drowsily asked what all that fuss out of door was about, he has only been vexed and annoyed by what he has heard of the age. The fire hose has been yoked to the car or commerce, the lightning has been made a news carrier, the germs of new empires have been planted in Africa, and on the shores of the Pacific, and amongst the islands of the South Sea. The free school system has been shedding its benign light upon the world, and the news of each nation of civilization has rung through the air, the old gentleman has muttered "huh," all humbug, the country and the world are going to the devil, and nothing can save them but the New Constitution.

A HAPPY MAN.—He is a most lively, good humored and pleasant man who bears the ills of life as if they were blessings, and seems to take the rough and smooth with an equal countenance. This sort of unbending philosophy is the best gift that nature can bestow on her children, it lightens the burden of care and turns every fable and gloomy hue of memory, to bright and splendid colors. There is no one I enjoy so much as I do him, a cap and bells is a crown to him a time upon the fagotlet is a concert, if the sun shines, he sports himself in its beams, if the storm comes, skips gaily along, and when he is wet to the skin, it only serves him to make out a pleasant story, while he dries himself at the fire. If you are dull after dinner, he will get him up, and rehearse half a dozen scenes out of a play and do it well, and be as pleased with his performance as you can be. With all these companionable talents he is neither forward, nor impertinent—but on the contrary, very conversable and possesses as pleasant a kind of good whose breeding as any one.

INDUSTRY.—Every young man should remember that the world always has and always will honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler whose energies of mind and body are rusting for want of exercise, the mistaken being who pursues amusements as relief to his enervated muscles, engages in exercises that produce no useful end, may look with scorn on the laborer engaged in his toil, but his scorn is praise; his contempt is an honor. Honest industry will secure the respect of the wise and good among men, and yield the rich fruit of an easy conscience and give that hearty self-respect which is above all price. Toil on, then, young men and young women. Be diligent in business. Improve the heart and the mind, and you will find "the well spring of enjoyment in your own souls," and secure the confidence and respect of all those respect is worth an effort to obtain.

WEDDING OR SLIP TO MESS.—The French papers speak of a new invention called a *marital bed*. It is so constructed that the pressure of the body causes the performance of one or more operas, according to the length of the slumber. A dial is placed at the head of the bed, with a minute hand to be set at the hour when the sleeper wishes to wake, and when this hour arrives, a grand *fugue* is executed, from Verdi, with imitations of trombones and kettle-drums, sufficiently loud not only to awaken, but to inspire a lively disposition to get up!

Niagara Suspension Bridge.

A correspondent of the Dover Morning Star gives the following graphic description of this wonderful structure.

In my travels the other day in the vicinity of the Niagara Falls, I visited the renowned wonder of the age in architecture, the great Suspension Bridge. It is built about two miles below the thundering cataract, and attracts the attention of multitudes visiting this locality of wonders. I was not a little disappointed with the simplicity of its construction. It has ever seemed to me an astonishing prodigy of modern times, that a platform, capable of sustaining several tons in weight, could be swung across a gulf of 755 feet in width, and more than 400 feet in depth. But when I was permitted to see how it was done, my greatest wonder was that no inventive genius had devised, matured, and executed the plan before. Two towers of 55 feet in height, are built in a collateral position on the verge of each lofty bank, with a sufficient space between them for the bridge. Over these towers are stretched 1767 wires (size No. 10) combined so as to form six wire ropes, about the size of a man's arm, and are strongly fastened six or eight rods from the shore. Three of them are placed each side of the platform, that bend down within ten feet of it, and to these wires, thus extended across the deep abyss, are attached strong iron cables that are fastened to the wooded platform, which holds it securely while the astonished traveller passes safely over it.

Several long iron cables extend each way from the centre of the bridge, in a diagonal direction, to the rocky shore beneath, to prevent its swinging. The height of the platform above the surface of the water is 238 feet. It is said, that the depth of the river, directly under the centre of the bridge, is unknown. It was told, by those living in the immediate vicinity, that they had fathomed 401 feet and failed to touch soundings. This would make the immediate cavity at least 823 feet deep! The weight of the wire in the bridge is 35 tons, and the weight of the flooring 40 tons—making 75 tons total suspended weight. The question may arise how were these immense wire cables swung across the deep excavation? I have been informed that a boy's kite was first raised high in the air and finally settled on the opposite shore, and then to the string was attached a cord, and to this a rope, and to the rope a strong cable fastened to each shore, on which the daring inventor crossed and re-crossed in an iron basket, until all the necessary materials were suspended.

I was not a little surprised that no wood-work, to hide the prospect at the sides of the bridge, was built up for protection, especially for those whose heads are liable to reel while looking down upon the swift gliding stream below. The whole is open, and men, women, and children, horses and animals of almost every description, pass over it with a full gaze upon the sublime scenery above, around, and beneath. The multitudes of iron cables, extending from the larger iron ropes above to the flooring on which you stand, together with a few wires that run parallel with the bridge, furnish a sufficient net work to prevent falling off, but nothing hides your vision from the deep cut over which you pass. It is somewhat similar to a ride over a church steeple to cross this bridge with a team. The nimble steeds exhibited perfect quietude while yalping over it, manifesting no more indications of fear than when treading upon terra firma. What will not the ingenuity of man accomplish!

INDIAN GATHERING AT FORT LARAMIE.

There is to be a great Indian Council, embracing a large number of tribes, at Fort Laramie the latter part of this month. They meet for the purpose of making treaties with the United States and with each other. It is expected to be the largest gathering of Indians ever witnessed in this country from 20,000 to 30,000 are expected. The senior editor of the St. Louis Republic, Col. Chambers, together with Geo. W. Kendall, of the N. O. Picayune, are to attend the gathering, and the public may confidently expect some interesting intelligence from the Indian country. The tribes invited to attend this council, says the Republic, are those lying along the base of the Rocky Mountains on the south side of the Missouri, as far south as the boundary of Texas, including many of the tribes embraced in the jurisdiction of the United States by the acquisition of New Mexico. With these Indians the United States have, as yet, no subsisting treaties; at least none such as place them entirely and sufficiently under the control of Government. The extension of our population, the establishment of the Territories of New Mexico, Utah, and Oregon, and the necessary intercommunication between the Territories and the States, render it indispensable that a more intelligent and reliable relation should exist between the United States and the Indians. It is also hoped that, by means of this Council of all the tribes, and mutual treaties, an end may be put to the constantly recurring hostilities between the Indians themselves, greater security afforded to emigrants, travellers, the mails, &c., &c., across the Plains and in the Mountains.

Humboldt's Cosmos.

The third volume of Humboldt's Cosmos, just published by the Harpers, contains much information on subjects in astronomy, which is not easily accessible. Such a work is important to show to a multitude of minds the subjects which have employed so many philosophic heads, and some of which are so far removed from the usual fields of thought.

As affecting the distances of bodies and the magnitudes of fixed stars, it becomes a great matter to discover the intensity of the light of the sun, moon, and stars. The difference in the light of day and of the night under the full moon is obvious to the common eye in the general, but to determine the relative degrees of light with any accuracy is not so easy a task. It was a good while ago concluded that the light of the sun is 300,000 times that of the moon. Seen by day, the moon appears no brighter than the clouds on which the sun is shining. The largest and brightest of all the fixed stars is Sirius, or the dog star, which is now setting nearly with the sun. Wollastone's experiments make the light of the sun 801,072 times greater than that of the full moon, and the brightness of the sun to exceed that of Sirius twenty thousand million times. Hence it follows that, with the acknowledged distance of Sirius, he must send forth 63 times as much light as the sun. If Sirius were at the same distance with the sun, the sky and earth would be 63 times as bright as it is now under the full orb of sun, and the light would be insufferable by our eyes. Sirius may then be 63 times as large as the sun, or, if of the same magnitude as the sun, must scatter 63 times as much light. What magnificence does such a view impart to the heavens—to the stars! While the fixed stars retain their relative distances, they are slowly approaching each other in one part of the heavens, and receding in the opposite part. Heischel intended that the whole solar system is moving towards the former, and proceeded to compute the point to be in or near the constellation of Hercules which is on the meridian a little south of us at nine o'clock in the evening. Other astronomers have arrived at nearly the same result from independent calculations. This result has been reached from stars north of the equator, but in a few past years the same conclusion has been derived from the southern stars. The motion of the solar system and the direction of that motion appear to be established conclusions in astronomy. This is a magnificent result. While planets and their secondaries are revolving round the sun as their centre, the sun and all his attendants are moving onwards in the infinity of space, probably in a mighty revolution round some more wondrous centre, and the place of that centre is approximated.

POLITICAL SOMERSETTING.—The Hon. T. F. Marshall—the "Hon." is not ours—whose faculty of political somersetting is a remarkable feature in the gentleman's constitution, and who, in that respect, is not a bad type of our trading politicians, has lately given a fresh instance of his agility in ground and lofty tumbling. He has been elected to the House of Representatives of Kentucky, from Woodford county, and on the night of his election, announced the dissolution of his connection for a few years past with the Democratic party, and that henceforth he took his old position as a whig. "The circumstances of the avowal," says the Frankfort Commonwealth, "as they have been related to us are characteristic and amusing."

"Mr. Marshall has been acting for some years past with the democrats. In this race, however, he ran as an independent candidate, and was supported by many whigs, but doubtless he owes his election mainly to democratic votes. After the result was known on Monday night, Mr. Barnes, his competitor, made a short speech, in which he said that he considered it no disgrace to be defeated by a man of Mr. Marshall's splendid abilities. After Mr. B. concluded, Mr. Marshall spoke and paid some beautiful and elegant compliments to Mr. Barnes. He then said he wished to make an account current with the democratic party. He acknowledged that he owed his election to them, and he set himself down as debtor for that. But he had supported Mr. Polk, and otherwise done the party some service; for that he wanted a credit, and called upon the democrats present to say on which side the balance stood. Some of them cried out, 'Oh, we're indebted to you.' 'Well,' said Marshall, 'I forgive you the balance; square the account, close the books, and from henceforth and forever I am a whig.' We congratulate the whigs upon the return of so gifted a son to his old political faith."

Men of genius are often dull and inert in society, as the blazing meteor, when it descends to the earth, is only a stone.

The silent eye is often a more powerful conqueror than the noisy tongue.

True charity consists in the performance of every duty of life, from the love of justice.

Weigh every step that you are about to take, whenever passions become involved.

Oregon Spectator.

OREGON CITY

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1851.

D. J. Schuchly, Editor.

A Fact to be Remembered.

That the Spectator gives more reading matter than any other paper in the Territory.

A friend says "the printer ought to be paid if the money should have to be stolen to do it." Now, we shall not encourage any person to commit larceny to pay us, but those indebted would greatly oblige us by "forking over" the needed without delay. It helps our spirits as much as our pockets when we are enabled to say we owe no man anything and have a few dollars ahead. In order to pay others we must ask those indebted to us to place us in a situation that will make us independent of the annoyances of dunning. We ask not for lip sympathy, our honest dues are all we crave. Those who make no calculation about paying would do us a favor to report themselves at once.

It is our wish to portray facts respecting improvements, no matter where located. The fact was communicated to us a few days ago that a large flouring mill is in course of erection at Milwaukie and is now far advanced to completion. We hail with pleasure such improvements and make them known at any time when informed of them. This is not all that is being done there, a brisk trade has been carried on in the lumber business—a large amount has been shipped for the California market, and the mills of that place are actively engaged in making more. This speaks well for the trade on our river, and is only an evidence of what enterprise will do when properly directed. There are few places in Oregon that has grown more rapidly than Milwaukie in the last 18 months.

A new grist mill, we were informed a few days since, by Mr. Thompson, is to be erected by the Island Milling Company, just above the present mill. Arrangements are now being made to carry into effect the project. It is the purpose of the company to make it large enough to contain four or five run of stone. We have heard it said, too, that Dr. McLaughlin contemplates building an additional mill just below his present mills. We rejoice to see such a manifestation of public spirit. It is the improvement of our immense water power that is to give consequence to our city. It was tuning to account similar advantages that gave Rochester, N. Y., her proud position, and rendered her prosperous. How long will it be before we have a Rochester here at the falls? Not long we trust.

Some mischievous boys amused themselves one night last week by changing a number of signs about town, mercantile, professional, &c. Even the large watch of Mr. Breese was fobbed, no doubt to tell the time of night. It was early restored to its place the next morning and is none the worse of wear. By these changes lawyers and doctors were advertised at new locations. The worst of the story is yet to be told. Some of our most respectable citizens, it is said, have been implicated as participants in this new work of night-errantry.

A. A. Skinner, Indian Agent, left for the Rogue river country on Tuesday last, the place assigned him for future operations. He has gone prepared to make the Indians presents, which when distributed, will no doubt have a tendency to render permanent the good feeling that now prevails.

The portion of country assigned E. A. Starling, is north of the Columbia river.

Within the past week a large number of persons have started for the mines. Some of this year's immigrants have joined them and are about to sow their first "wild oats." It is generally believed that the mines will yield pretty fair wages this winter. In the dry diggings (Chasta) nothing has been done since the water gave out last spring.

We invite attention to our correspondence from the mines. It comes from a reliable source. Persons meditating a journey to the mines may glean information from it that will be of advantage to them.

The Ocean Bird sets out to day for San Francisco. She has on board \$5,000 worth of lumber and about 1,000 hogs.

Oregon City.—What Should be Done.

The streets of our city during the past month have evidenced a gradual increase of business, and our merchants in that time have been driving a very fair trade. True, there has been no bustling, outdoor excitement to keep up appearances or to create the impression that the whole trade of the country is being done here. No such counterfeit pretensions are put forth—but a smooth and healthy state of trade exists, and merchants are well satisfied with what is being done, and the probable prospects ahead. Goods, too, are sold very reasonably indeed. At no place in the Territory are goods wholesaled upon more liberal terms. The upper country is drawing, at this time, largely on this city for supplies of all kinds. The spirit of determination manifested here now is such that the people above are being convinced that they "may go farther and fare worse," and to save themselves expense, delay and damage, they make a "virtue of necessity" by stopping here to lay in their goods.

The communication with the country above is such now, that the business of purchasing and shipping can be done in a few days, that previously occupied, we might almost say months, with 300 percent less risk, and without disappointment of any kind. This, to the business man, is all important, as it enables him to make quick returns of his invested capital, and in a given time turn it round three or four times, to where, in times past, he could do it but once. And arrangements are now going on and being perfected that will give the merchant of the interior the privilege of exchanging wheat and other products, at cash prices, for goods. Thus the farmer, who cannot make it pay to transport his produce, consisting of a few hundred bushels, to a distant market, is privileged to dispose of it at home, and is saved the risk of transportation, etc., and can obtain just as much for it as if he performed the shipping himself.

Although there is a very fair business being done here, yet there there is a strong necessity for the establishment of three or four wholesale houses. This would insure to our city the securing of a trade already large, but which in a few years will be immense. The question is often asked here, can we stop the business here that now goes elsewhere, when the current is set and a stream constantly flowing by us? The question is easily answered. Hold out the inducements—get on hand the provocatives—get the bait and it is just as easily to calculate the consequence as it is to tell how much 3 added to 3 makes. There is not a better location in the Territory for the establishment of several large wholesale houses than Oregon city. We defy any person to gainsay it. It is a fact not to be controverted. One great drawback now is, that persons buying here cannot always obtain the variety, on account of the limited number of stores, usually needed for a retail business in the country.

The day is not far distant when the trade of the Willamette and Columbia rivers will all be done by steamboats. The heavy shipping must necessarily stop at some place below Tongue Point. Vessels of light draft, it is true, are passing up and down over that bar now and because of no large ships being in the trade at this time, a place of necessity for discharging temporarily exists higher up. When business becomes systematized, and it requires it to be done expeditiously and to the minute, a cruise of three or four weeks up our rivers will be done away with, and the sun of prosperity will find a new home. Where is the point? Oh.

The Indian Agent, Mr. Wampool, who has been for some time on the Ula river, returned to this city eight or ten days ago, under rather unfavorable circumstances, caused by violations of instructions, which were clear, express and not to be misunderstood. This rendered his recall necessary, he having disgraced his position and proved himself unworthy the trust confided in him by the government. He was enjoined not to trade with the Indians in any way or manner, but was empowered to grant licenses to others to trade with the Indians. He accordingly granted licenses in several instances, though not without coupling the same with certain conditions, that of taking into partnership a son in one instance, and in another a nephew, in order that he might remotely, if not directly, derive some pecuniary advantage therefrom; not satisfied with this, he dove quite a brisk trade on his "own hook" with the Indians in person. He has been relieved of his charge and now stands suspended. It is to be regretted that such an appointment should have been made. This, however, is the only instance of inefficiency that has occurred in Oregon, of all the appointments that have been made.

OREGON FLOUR.—A large number of packers received their supplies of flour at the Island mills last week, and have started with it for the mines. We are glad to see that the reputation of Oregon flour is brightening. It got very much below par last spring and summer, and so notorious had it become that even Chili flour had entirely superseded it, a fact that we are almost ashamed to acknowledge, when we consider that the wheat grown in Oregon has scarcely an equal in the world and that the water power all over Oregon almost cannot be surpassed. Why is it that the flour manufactured in Oregon should have sunk so low, despite all the favorable circumstances herein mentioned? We hope those engaged in the business will see to it that such a state of things be changed, the sooner the better. It is a fixed fact that persons will trade where they can be the best accommodated, and if the people of Oregon have no ambition to excel in this business, their doom is sealed, and they might as well prepare for it, by "shutting up shop." The Island mills have taken the lead, who'll follow?

We have conversed with several persons direct from the mines, they all concur in their statements relative to the feeling entertained for the whites throughout the entire Rogue river country, except the small town and surrounding band of Grave Creek Indians, with whom no treaty has ever been made, and who are no better than the bears and wolves that roam over the forests. They are a small band consisting of about 40 head. Persons are passing and repassing daily with out interruption, and are not compelled to stand guard, save in the neighborhood of the Grave Creeks. This is a very desirable state of things and contrasts very favorably with that that prevailed previous to the making of the treaty. The only dissatisfaction that exists is said to be the failure as to the time on the part of the government to make good the stipulations of the treaty. This has, in a great measure, exhausted their patience. We have no fears but that Mr. Skinner, now on his way thither, will soon render full satisfaction on this score.

The remainder of the female portion and the son of Gen. Gaines family started out in the last mail steamer for the States; they were accompanied by his Excellency as far as San Francisco, whose return is expected by the incoming mail steamer. The Governor's afflictions have been many, since his appointment to office. On his way to this country, he lost, at Rio Janeiro, by the yellow fever, two daughters nearly grown, and since he has been here his wife, a most estimable lady, under the most trying circumstances. He is truly to be pitied. And notwithstanding all these afflictions, enough God knows for any one man, we have an unscrupulous editor in our midst who would fain multiply these afflictions, by gross misrepresentations and the most foul abuse, uncalled for, malignant, and unjust.

Mr. John S. Ziebel, of Peoria, Ill., arrived here some eight or ten days since with his family who are all in good spirits, and is residing for the present in Linn City. They encountered many severe trials on the road, having had all their team stole from them some 500 miles from this place, where it was impossible for them to make any arrangement for the conveyance of themselves and goods, other than what could be made with their company. We are happy to learn that he was fortunate enough to be cared for by some of the company until he reached the Dalles. His son went out beyond the Dalles to meet them. From the Dalles they came by water to this place.

Mr. Ziebel was one of the pioneer printers in middle Illinois, he established the first Democratic paper, "The Peoria Democratic Press," in Peoria County, Ill., if we mistake not, in the winter of 1836. Mr. Ziebel has held a seat in the Legislature of Illinois, and is a high minded honorable Democrat. We welcome him to Oregon.

A Challenge to Farmers.

The undersigned challenges any person who dares to take it up, in the sum of \$500 that he can raise from one peck of oats, 300 bushels. This is not said boastfully; but the sum is deemed sufficient to justify the experiment, and any person desiring to accept the challenge will please address Thomas Hubbard, Lafayette, Yamhill County, Oregon.

THOMAS HUBBARD

Read C. Fridenberg & Co's advertisement in another column. They have quite an assortment, and are going to sell to suit the times.

The Washington County Court is now in session.

Correspondence.

For the Spectator.

EDITOR SPECTATOR.—Sir, For some time past I have sought an opportunity to redeem my engagement of writing to you, and giving as correct an account of these "diggings" as possible, for the benefit of your readers. My apology for this long delay is simply that, on my arrival here, I was necessarily much longer in getting located and fixed for digging than I expected to be. An account of a mine's life, &c., is unnecessary in this letter, for the reason that, but a very few of the Oregonians are unimformed upon that point, not only by reading, but they have personal experience of the matter, and those who have not, will very readily obtain oral descriptions of it, which cannot but be much more satisfactory and vivid. The mining on this river at present, consists almost entirely of working the bed of the river, a few, however, are still working in the banks.

Before any of the dams were ready to take out gold, great hopes were entertained, and nearly all were confident of a liberal and even a large return for their time, expense, and labor. These dams are now worked by companies of miners, the company varying in number from 8 to 20 or more. A system of speculation was tolerated by the miners here, which, I understand, was not suffered to exist in Lower California, at least, when those mines were as new as these.

It seems that those who were somewhat in advance of the rush for this river, immediately, each for himself, laid claim to a sufficient portion of the bed of the river for, from 10 to 20 men to work out in one season, and then, when the working miners came, sold to them shares, the number being according to the length of their claim, asking from \$100 to \$100 per share, and thereby in many cases making moderate fortunes without a stroke, by fleecing from the hard working miner his honestly obtained and hard earned gold. A more wholesale imposition upon the industrious miner I never heard of, and am only surprised that such a system of robbery should have been for a moment tolerated or gained the foot hold it has. In a majority of cases, however, the condition of the payment was made to be that the purchase money was first to be taken out of the claim, and drawn by the shareholder from the treasurer as the income due his share. The fact of very many of these dams failing in whole, or in part, has very much disappointed the undeserving and in many cases dishonest speculator, and nipped his golden dreams in the bud. I am of the opinion, however, that Scott's River—that portion of it which is being worked—is as rich as perhaps any river that up to this time has been worked in California. I may be wrong in this, as my knowledge of Lower California has been obtained from others altogether. Some of the dams are very rich—some pay from \$20 to \$40 per day, and others from 1-2 to an ounce per day, while very many will hardly pay for working, and a good many already abandoned. The two last, perhaps, embracing the larger number. The old Goodwin, at present called the Lafayette damming company, took out the other day something over \$8000, not using the entire day either—as I understand they were moving timbers or something else a small portion of the day. These latter things, however, are always necessary to carrying on the works, and must be done. They by no means average the above amount, but the claim is very rich, and those engaged, (22 in number), will make a good raise. If it had not been for a law suit with certain other claimants, which cost the company some \$3000 or \$4000, they would have done something better still. All the dams are troubled very much with leakage water, to a greater or less extent, according to the depth of the diggings, which causes much expense and labor to remove Purges of different kinds are in use with various success. The Lafayette Company are using a pump propelled by water, the pump consisting of a tight box of the required length, and about 13 inches by 6, one end submerged in the water about 1 or 2 feet. Strong canvas is then prepared of equal width with the box or pump, and the two ends sewed together, two rollers of same width as the pump are fastened one at each end, upon which the canvas rolls. Upon this cloth, at a distance of 16 or 18 inches apart, are fastened blocks, nicely fitting the pump, and when put in motion, the blocks, finding water in the lower end of the pump, force it up until it empties itself out of the top, and then runs off in any manner the person desires.

This Company have two of these pumps, and they are answering a very good purpose. The best and by far the fastest pump I have seen on the river, is worked by water power on the "Gipsy" claim, about two miles below Scott's bar. It is a screw pump, and probably the principle is familiar to most of your readers. This pump was constructed at great expense, (some \$1200,) by Frederick Derrick, the enterprising foreman of the Company, (at the mutual expense of the Company however.) Mr. Derrick is from Rockford, Ill., and some time since in the employ of the N. American Fur Company, and while in their employ, builder of Fort Laramie. For his great ingenuity and perseverance in the construction of this pump (which throws the enormous amount of a barrel of water per second,) and that too without any of the conveniences of lumber, ready sawed, and with a very poor and scanty supply of tools he receives, and is deserving of the highest praise and commendation.

The gold taken from this river is of the very best quality, and mostly coarse. A short time since, there was taken from the Little Company, the first above the Lafayette, and opposite the town, a solid piece of gold weighing 10 lbs. averted upon I would here caution the reader, unacquainted with mining, against forming too favorable an opinion of them, and bear in mind that while one man is so fortunate as to find diggings of this description, perhaps 500 may be with some difficulty making even moderate wages, and perhaps half this number hardly paying expenses.

It is at present rather a dull time here, those miners whose dams have failed, have mostly left for the mountains to hunt winter diggings. It is very confidently expected that rich mines will be found in some of the gulches leading into Scott's River. I am myself inclined to that opinion, but do not think they will be found until water comes, at least not to any extent. At this time there is probably three or four hundred miners in the mountains about this river, and the Chasta diggings. It is rumored that some small parties have found very rich mines some where about here, but no one knows where, and I do not credit the tale. It is rather amusing to see the pertinacity with which some entertain this belief. If they see a party of half a dozen or so, travelling by themselves, with any appearance of having supplies with them, some who are on the watch will immediately set out and follow them, and the party followed all the time upon the same errand as themselves. I verily believe I could take my horse, and start out at evening, with a little manifestation of a desire to be alone, and get a hundred men to dog my steps up and over some of the most awful mountains ever traversed by a mule.

The miners about Chasta are doing very little at present, but the city is being built up very fast, and is already quite a town. Confident anticipations are entertained of doing well about there when the rains set in—I think they will. Supplies are plenty in this country and cheap, flour about 30c per lb; beef 25 to 30c per lb, potatoes 50c per bushel; onions 60c, clothing plenty and reasonable.

The Indians appear to be friendly at present, and we all hope that no difficulty will occur. If you are acquainted with an upholder in Oregon who is desirous of going into the manufacture of mattresses, just send him out here, he will find plenty of hair, some curled and some not—he can make his fortune!

The Oregonians must not depend too much upon receipts of gold dust from these mines to make trade lively this winter, for the larger portion of it goes, and will go to California. I occasionally see a Spectator here, and would like to see them much often. We are compelled to lead a kind of hermit's life here, which to those accustomed to living in old settled countries where news is plenty, and received by lightning, is at first rather dull and tedious—but as I have made my bed, so will I lie on it.

Yours,
PICK AXE.

For the Spectator
LANE COUNTY, Oct 3, 1851

MR. EDITOR

Dear Sir—I wrote to a friend at your place some time since, enquiring of him in regard to the Peoria and Stark County emigrants, as to their number, their names, &c. I feel anxious to learn who they are, and where they think of settling, as I must be acquainted with the most of them. I was from there about 18 months since, and when there, I knew personally, nearly every family in both counties. I would be pleased to have an opportunity of giving my old friends a few hints before they locate. I flatter myself that I could be of some advantage to them in finding good locations in this country.

How is friend Moore getting along? I see that editor of the dirty sheet in Oregon City, (Bush,) has been endeavoring

to vilify him because he dared to do his duty as a worthy public officer should, if we had a few more such officers in the country it would be to the advantage of the country at large—a credit to the government, and an honor to themselves. I don't wish to be understood as reflecting upon the present officers of the general government, though I differ from the most of them in politics, I see no cause for finding fault with them, but we have been cursed with some of the most reckless scamps that ever disgraced any country. We once had a Judge who I am told, held a few sham courts in the territory—speculated by buying disputed titles to land, was in the country six or seven months, and then was permitted by our Hon. Delegate who was aware of all the facts, to draw pay for two and one half years as Judge of the first Judicial district in Oregon. If Bush feels it his duty to watch the interest of the country with such especial care, he must commence where the abuse of the territory and general government commenced. Why does he not enquire by what kind of management it was that Aspinwall & Co got the carrying of the mails from Astoria to Oregon City, at the enormous rate of \$10,000 per year. Let him enquire the reason why some of our worthy citizens that had been at an enormous expense in building steam boats for the benefit of the country, were not allowed the privilege of putting in a bid in competition to that overgrown company that had no interest in the territory. Why was not the route offered in this country? These are questions and matters that are of interest to the whole people of the territory, and there are plenty more of equally grave importance that the public will trouble him with ere long. Will you enquire of him what has become of the laws that were entrusted to him to have printed. That was a wise provision to have them sent to the States to be printed on account of economy, and at the same time find fault and label a P. A. for not allowing an individual to swim, while the government out of thousands of dollars "Oh" consistency, thou art a some entertain this belief. If they see a party of half a dozen or so, travelling by themselves, with any appearance of having supplies with them, some who are on the watch will immediately set out and follow them, and the party followed all the time upon the same errand as themselves. I verily believe I could take my horse, and start out at evening, with a little manifestation of a desire to be alone, and get a hundred men to dog my steps up and over some of the most awful mountains ever traversed by a mule.

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Tell friend Moore to stand his ground, and an honest community will sustain him, and I doubt not the department at Washington will do the same when acquainted with the whole facts of the case.

I will be down in the course of a few weeks to your place, where I hope to see you and also a number of my old Peoria and Stark friends. If you have a full file of the Spectator please send it to me. The Spectator is beginning to be eagerly enquired after, you might get quite a number of subscribers up here. Our country is settling up very fast, we would be pleased to have a visit from you shortly.

Respectfully,
A P C.

ROBBERY.—On Thursday night last, some unknown scoundrel broke open a box, belonging to C. Fridenberg & Co, in front of their store, and abstracted eleven pairs of blankets, some of which were yellow and worked with green around the edges. This should be a warning to our business men not to leave their goods outside. The perpetrator has not been detected, and is still running at large, he is, no doubt, seeking another opportunity to pilfer.

A. K. Post has an extensive assortment of everything in his line, and advertises to sell cheaper than has ever been sold in this market. We will vouch for the statement, we will

POETRY.

The following happily expressed lines, from the International Magazine, will recall to the mind of many of our readers the anxiety and concern so often manifested by persons who can ill brook disappointment or a want of strict punctuality.—Ed

MARTHA HOPKINS

A BALLAD OF INDIANA

From the kitchen, Martha Hopkins, as she stood
there making pies,
Southward looks, along the turnpike, with her
hand on her eyes
Where along the distant hill-side, her yearning
heart feeds
And a little grass is growing in a mighty sight of
weeds
All the air is full of noises, for there isn't any school
And the boys, with turned-up pantaloons, are wading
in the pool,
Blithely frisk, unnumbered chickens, cackling, for
they cannot laugh,
Where the airy summits brighten, nimbly leaps the
little calf
Gentle eyes of Martha Hopkins tell me where-
do ye gaze
On the ground that's being furrowed for the plant-
ing of the maize?
Tell me wherefore, down the valley, ye have
traced the turnpike's way,
Far beyond the cattle pasture, and the buck-yard,
with its clay?
Ah! the dog-wood tree may blossom, and the door-
yard grass may shine,
With the tears of amber dropping from the washing
"on this line,"
And the morning's breath of balsam, lightly brush
her freckled cheek—
Little reeketh Martha Hopkins of the tales of
spring they speak
When the summer's burning solstice on the scanty
harvest glowed,
She had watched a man on horseback riding down
the turnpike road,
Many times she saw him turning, looking back
ward quite forlorn,
Till amid her tears she lost him, in the shadow of
the oaks
Ere the supper-time was over, he had passed the
kiss of luck,
Crossed the rushing Yellow River, and had forded
quite a creek,
And his foot-boat was taken at the time for
port and beans,
With the traders of the Wabash, to the wharf at
New Orleans
Therefore watches Martha Hopkins—holding in
her hand the pans,
When the sound of distant footsteps seems exactly
like a man's,
Not a wind the stove-pipe rattles, nor a door behind
her jars,
But she seems to hear the rattle of buskettling down
the bars
Often sees she men on horseback, coming down
the turnpike rough,
But they come not as John Jackson, she can see it
well enough,
Well she knows the sober trotting of the sorrel
horse he keeps,
As he jogs along at leisure, with his head down
like a sheep's
She would know him 'mid a thousand, by his home-
made coat and vest;
By his socks, which were blue woolen, such as
farmers wear out west,
By the color of his trousers, and his saddle, which
was spread
By a blanket which was taken for that purpose
from the bed
None like he the yoke of hickory, on the unbroken
oak throw,
None amid his father's corn fields use like him the
spade and hoe,
And at all the apple cuttings, few indeed the men
are seen,
That can dance with him the polka, touch with
him the waltz
He has said to Martha Hopkins, and she thinks
she hears him now,
For she knows as well as can be, that he meant to
keep his vow,
When the buck-eye tree has blossomed, and your
uncle plants his corn,
Shall the bells of Indiana usher in the wedding
morn
He has pictured his relations, each in Sunday hat
and gown,
And he thinks he'll get a carriage, and they'll
spend a day in town,
That their love will newly kindle and what comfort
it will give,
To sit down to the first breakfast, in the cabin
where they'll live
Tender eyes of Martha Hopkins what has got you
in such escape,
'Tis a tear that falls to glitter on the ruffle of her
cape,
Ah! the eyes of love may brighten, to be certain
what it sees,
One man looks much like another when half hid-
den by the trees
But her eager eyes rekindle, she forgets the pies
and bread,
As she sees a man on horseback round the corner
of the shed,
Now he on another apron, got the comb and smooth
your hair,
'Tis the sorrel horse that gallops, 'tis John Jackson's
self that's there!

England vs. United States.

The New York Courier and Enquirer has been provoked to reply to some of the sneers and abuse of our country and its arts and institutions in a most scathing article, which we copy below—

"The London Press and its abuse of the United States is a faithful theme for newspaper commentary just now, and we indulge the hope, that the immediate cause of the abuse will gradually open the eyes of our contemporaries to the utter hopelessness of ever propitiating the great bulk of the English people by concessions to their pride or their prejudices. With very few exceptions, John Bull is a great sulky mastiff, humble and cunning to his master, but impudent, arrogant, and bullying with everybody else. To coax him is but to increase his suliness and his propensity to growl if not to bite, and there are but two moles in which it is possible to get along with him. The one is submission—the most unqualified, abject submission, accompanied with the most fulsome praise of everything belonging to him, the other is a bold and manly resistance to his pretensions and a prompt punishment of his arrogance the instant it becomes offensive. He is no lip-dog or greyhound, to be petted and coaxed into good humor, but a downright English mastiff of the most selfish description, who will not permit other dogs to partake even of that which he cannot consume himself, and it is only by meeting out to him a portion of the bute force he so unsparringly inflicts upon others, that you can hope to compel his respect. Take his bone from him and beat him over the head with it, and he will respect you for foiling him at his own game, but any other course save submission, will only render him more troublesome, and he will snap, growl, and bark and show his teeth at you whenever opportunity offers, until you unceremoniously knock them down his throat and show a determination to pull his kennel about his ears. Do this, and your mastiff becomes a very tolerable cur, although even then, he will not degenerate into the spaniel. He knows when he is well whipped, but he will yield with a tolerable grace, but he never sinks lower than a well whipped mastiff who has submitted to a superior force without changing his nature, and who cinges to his master only

That the character of our contributions to the 'World's Fair' is the cause of the present abuse of everything American by the London press, no man in his senses will pretend to believe. The cause of that abuse lies much deeper. All admit, however, that our country presents but a poor figure at the great exhibition, but the readers of the Courier & Enquirer were prepared for this six months ago, when we plainly told the American people, that that was no place for us to figure, because we are not a manufacturing nation, bound down with a surplus population without food and willing to labor for a shilling a day and find themselves Nor have we surplus manufactures looking for a market, upon which depends the very existence of our people and the bread necessity to sustain life. We are not a nation of paupers, and therefore, we are not to have aspired to a place in the grand exhibition of the proper labor of Europe, got up to save the paupers of England from starvation, and to enable some of her artisans to steal the products of other nations, through the agency of Patent laws which very conveniently elude in with the object of this great industrial exhibition

We repeat, that we as Americans could not have any legitimate place in the Crystal Palace and although we have no census to cast upon those already caught in this trap, we shall experience no other feeling but contempt for those who are seduced into further connection with it by Mr. Riddle or anybody else. The attempt, even, to induce our countrymen to loan themselves further to this scheme for the benefit of the paupers of England, should be frowned down, and the sooner they are now engaged in the exhibition retire from it, the more respected they will be by their countrymen at home. The exhibition will continue for months, or as long as it pays, but we sincerely hope that the American portion of it will be withdrawn at all events, that none of our people will be seduced to sending further contributions

It is not however, because we consider the paucity of the American exhibition in London the cause of the disgraceful attacks made upon us by the London Press, that we advise our countrymen to keep aloof from this "World's Fair." The ranking hatred of the mastiff has been baited but not subdued, would have exhibited itself on the first occasion which presented, and it matters little what the occasion happened to be. The World's Fair is seized upon as the pretence for ridicule and abuse, and yet the very him ited space we occupy in that great exhibition of the pauper labor of Europe, should be a source of honest pride to our whole country, as it is unquestionably most gallant to the self-esteem of John Bull. Our gunnicks are not remarkable for beauty, nor do they demonstrate how months of labor can be expended upon a few square inches of embroidery—and profitably expended too, according to English political economy, if it has yielded to the white slave the experience a day for sixteen hours of toil. We exhibit there no long galleries filled with products of cold times, the very specimens of which were hauled to the mouth of the mines by naked galleys crawling on their hands and knees in galleries three feet high, through twelve inches of mud and slush harrowed by brute brutes tows, and used to the performance of their inhuman tasks by brutal fathers who never heard of the existence of a God! and all for four pence!

day! If we have no specimens of iron there to prove how inexhaustible is the wealth of our mountains, it is because we boast that in *hico America* we have no region of country where nine tenths of its population can neither read nor write—where not one-half of the men taste animal food three times a year—where the third of them rarely see the light of day—where the great object of life is to keep body and soul together, by food which the street swine of our country would reject—and where, according to official documents of the great British Empire, with its Church Establishment a part and parcel of the state—once-seventh of its people never heard of the existence of the Saviour of the World!

If we cannot exhibit shawls from India because we have no "Colomes" composed of conquered nations, where we have enslaved whole races of our fellow men, after first pillaging their houses, burning their towns, and giving up their women and children to the tender mercies of a bandit army and their marauding allies—where we hold in servitude far more abject than that of our southern country, nearly a hundred millions of human beings, from whom we extract, by the lash and the thong, that gold which goes to enrich the British Nation, and *enriches* to pay for the emancipation of slavery which is under the immediate eye of the civilized world, and which must therefore, be dispensed with, in order that the nation's hypocrisy may partake of the appearance at least, of disinterested philanthropy! No, our gunnicks, humble and plain as they are, while they give no evidence of surplus labor and the high finish resulting from it, all exhibit the presence of thought—the produce of intellect—the triumph of mind directed to the advance of education, and the prevalence of that leisure and freedom from perpetual toil, which results from general, national, and individual prosperity. These gunnicks, which make no show and afford such unfailing sources of amusement to Mr. Punch and the London Times, proclaim at the same time, the inventive genius of our people and the general prosperity which fosters it, and this is, and not the paucity of our part of the exhibition, which has kindled anew the ire of the Press against us, and which will probably continue to burn with undiminished rancor, until they succeed in getting the two countries into a war, and we are again compelled in self defence and against our inclinations, to whip Mr. Bull into a state of dogged quietness and repose. When the necessity for such a proceeding shall arrive, we'll let that small portion of the English population who can read and write, and who understand the language of our fathers—that we are just the people who can humble the pride of England, and that our only regret in doing so, we'd be, that in inflicting the punishment, her dogged obstinacy would compel us to render it so severe, that exhaustion would follow, her national debt repudiated, and her national honor be tarnished, and thus the land of our fathers, which we love, and would cherish and protect if she will permit us, be given up an easy prey to her European enemies

But we must not look upon the English press as speaking the sentiments of the English people, as does the American press the feelings of the American people. The London daily press in particular, is not the exponent of public opinion. It is essentially a lying press almost exclusively in the hands of lying editors, not one of whom as we are informed and believe, has a direct interest to the amount of a dollar to the proprietorship of the papers they conduct. Seven eighths of the editorials in the Times, are furnished by contributors who are paid by the line for whatever is published, and to these penny liners are we indebted for that press's habitual assaults upon our country and its institutions. They are hired to malign the United States and our people, not by the people of England, but by those who control the destinies of the great English nation. The people themselves know little of us, and care less, and could know how very small is the number of those who can even read the abuse which the lying and poisoned press of the Metropolis heaps upon us, it is scarcely just to hold them responsible for that abuse. It is sufficient for us to know that the abuse so unparingly and systematically lavished upon our people, our country and its institutions, is the result of envy, jealousy, and morbid national pride, and although habitual and systematic abuse and slander, a violent provocation on our part must necessarily follow, or at least, lead to the least such conduct merits, we can afford to be patient by reason of our knowledge of the cause which excites it. Only three quarters of a century ago, we were infant colonies with less than four million of people—now our population exceeds that of England and Scotland united! and what is more, in seven of our States, we have more people who can read and write than in all England, Scotland and Ireland, and all the British Isles united! And in morals, religion, enterprise and inventive genius, our people are as numerous as the supporters of the people of Great Britain, as they are in education and general intelligence. On the land and on the water—on the shores of the Pacific and in the Indian Ocean—and under the tropics and in the regions near the Poles—everywhere where men can exist, the stars and stripes that triumphantly, giving protection to our people, and witness against their thrashing a few English emigrants. And in our ships, we have more people who can read and write than in all England, Scotland and Ireland, and all the British Isles united! 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OREGON SPECTATOR.

D. J. SCHNEELY, EDITOR.]

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

[T. D. WATSON & G. D. R. BOYD, PRS.]

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No. 8.

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D. J. SCHNEELY, Editor and Proprietor.

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POETRY.

[From Eliza Cook's Journal]

Indications of the Seasons

SPRING

A bursting into greenness,
A waking from sleep,
A twitter and a warble
That make the pulses leap,
A sense of renovation,
Of freshness and of health,
A rest of off of earth's care,
A carelessness of wealth
A watching, as in childhood
For flowers that one by one
Open their golden petals
To woo the titill sun,
A gush, a flush, a gurgle,
A wish to shout and sing,
As, filled with hope and gladness,
We hail the vernal spring

SUMMER

A dreamy sound of waters
Falling, ever falling
Voices of sweet song-birds
To catch their evening
Flowers all rainbow-tinted,
Springing, ever springing
On the vagrant breezes
Richest perfume fling
A perfect satisfaction,
A fullness of delight,
A sense of gliding onward
Through regions ever bright—
All balm, all bloom, all beauty,
Like some ambrosial chime—
These are the signs that tell us
Of glorious Summer time

AUTUMN

A perfect flood of sunshine,
Wherein all objects seem
A scene of golden splendor
That makes the senses dim;
Beneath a blue pavilion
A glorious feast outspread,
Where choicest gifts of nature
Abundantly are shed.
A lingering look cast backward
Unto the days gone by,
A turning to the future
With sad and anxious eye,
Mid Autumn's purple sunsets
A dirge-note swells the blast,
And tells that soon the brightness
Of the year will all be past

WINTER

The winds are sighing—sighing,
Like mourners around a bier,
And from the hills there cometh
A voice that soundeth drear;
As the trumpet-call to judgment,
Saying—"Prepare, prepare!"
Spread o'er the vale a fleecy pall,
And lay the old year there!"
Within are sounds of gladness,
And fires that brightly burn,
And stores of the olden times
Are told of each in turn,
Without, the cry of misery
And want salute the ears,
And we look on hourly winter
Through mingled smiles and tears

H. G. ADAMS

A Farmer's Life.

The Hon Joseph R. Williams has recently delivered an address before the Michigan State Agricultural Society, at Ann Arbor, which is distinguished by the soundness of its views, no less than by the perspicuity with which they are advanced. We sincerely wish that we could afford room, consistently with our engagements, for the whole of this sterling production but being unable to do so, we present to our readers an extract from it, devoted to the consideration of the farmer's calling. It is as follows:

"The best faculties of men must be devoted to the farmer's pursuits, the best intellect must be engaged in it, and the farmer's life must be a field wide and attractive enough for the engrossment and development of every human faculty, or error, or ignorance or thoughtlessness, will not be exploited, and the calling will not secure the elevated position it deserves. Happily, a rapid change is perceptible. The relative position of professional, mercantile and farming pursuits, are changing day by day. The first are no longer sought with so much avidity, the last no longer shunned. A wise man should never encourage his children to assume the duties, vexations and hazards of precarious and unhealthy pursuits, no matter how dazzling the prospect, how brilliant the prize. There is a higher object than wealth to be gained—sound sleep and sound health, a higher object than personal distinction—a composed conscience. In times past there seems to have been a kind of infatuation among the farming community in regard to evasion of their honorable calling. Thirty years ago, a father was prone to act with his children as though he himself followed a degraded calling. He seemed to deem professional or mercantile life the only road to high respectability of social and official distinction. The Websters, the Wrights, and the Fillmores, were not retained to ennoble their own, but crowded off to illustrate and adorn some other profession. It has somewhat mended of late. The public mind has become more sound. It certainly will, if men will speak the truth, hear the truth, and practice on its precepts. The world will never regard the farmer's calling as the most honorable till it is so cherished by himself. In public estimation a pursuit is appreciated at the value placed upon it by those who follow it. Turn back then the tide of public sentiment among the agricultural population. The sturdy sense of many a sturdy farmer pierces the gauzy delusions thrown around the fanciful and frivolous life of a townsman. In the expression of his judgment sound, he yet practically may have sought all his life to make his children the very butterflies he detests. If he would have his occupation take rank as the most respected and most dignified among men, he must not himself act as though he regarded it as a dull and stupid exercise of human powers. I know not so small a farm, so limited a garden, that they may not engross all a man's faculties, and consume all his leisure. The time may be distant when each farmer may be a geologist, a naturalist, a chemist—but the time has already arrived when the application of science to agriculture is producing a peaceful, certain, and gigantic revolution elevating the calling, multiplying its results, increasing its comforts, and promising a higher civilization of the race.

"A farmer should not consider it pie-sumption, but a duty, to gladden his home with all true, and genial and intrinsically valuable comforts, that shed a glow and attractiveness around the private home of the citizen. He can make it more inviting. There are few comforts and appliances about the home of townsman which a countryman cannot enjoy. There are a thousand pleasures around a country residence which all the capital of a city cannot buy. A farmer surveys from his window with unalloyed delight the field now growing by superior cultivation, under the tread of the crop of previous years. While he gains it, the world gains it. It is so much added to production. But multiplied and dubious are the ways in which a townsman makes his gains. Sometimes it is the pound of flesh. Sometimes it is extortion. Sometimes a double value is given to the raw material, but oftener his gain is lost to another. To say the least, the townsman is sometimes exposed to the inevitable necessity of expediency and dishonesty. From such necessities the farmer can, if he will, always be free.

"God made the country, man made the city. Just so superior as God's works are to man's works, just so far superior are the studies of the country to the studies of the town. If you look upon the rich and gorgeous development of nature from spring to fall, from the tiny germ to the abundant crop, with no more delight than on piles of stone, and brick, and mortar, then your life anywhere will be desultory, hard and dull. When he gazes upon the miracle of his own frame, in awe and admiration David exclaimed, 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made.' Yet each plant and spire of grass, each tree and fruit, each creature, every form of vegetable and animal life, is a growing and living miracle, no less wonderful than the frame of man. If he studies them all as living illustrations of scientific truths, and he delights, at each new discovery of the

capacity and properties of a plant or animal, and each new insight into the laws which regulate its propagation and perfect growth, then, indeed, will a farmer become a philosopher and a man of science, and his life will be a ceaseless round of triumphant experiment and success. From the most trifling act, to the performance of the highest duty of a noble calling, his life will be full of delightful satisfaction. The favorite domestic animal, which he has watched and led from a nursing, seems to look his hand in gratitude, and almost eager to contribute to his support. Look along that avenue of stately trees, growing beneath an abundance of delicious fruit, or that winding path, shaded over the weary traveler. But yesterday it was a bundle of mere twigs, which he providently brought home, grasped perhaps in a single hand. It may be that wide fields around him have been transformed from the wilderness by his energy, and now blossoms like the rose. No groans nor tears, no slinks of misery and crime, no squalid poverty, are witnessed in his daily duty. His mind need not be tortured with intense anxiety because struggling on the verge of commercial ruin. He runs less hazards of having his body racked with every disease to which muscle and nerve and head, and stomach, are liable. But I fear that I am straying wide of my subject. I wished to show that the pursuits of a farmer may be rendered the most intensely interesting, the most noble, and the most engrossing to all the faculties, of both body and mind, of human occupations. As soon as it is made so it will be the most profitable and thrifty also. What a farmer vills his life and profession to be, that will it prove."

LETTER FROM A CONVICT TO HIS MOTHER.—The Kent (Md.) News says the following is a copy of a letter from William Shelton, one of the Cosdin murderers, to his mother, written two days before his execution.

CHRISTOW JAIL, Aug 5
MY DEAR MOTHER, I have seen you for the last time in this world, on the day after tomorrow I shall close my life on the gallows. I acknowledge on many occasions I sinned against you and set at defiance your words of reproof and advice, and often you have cautioned me against the paths I was pursuing, and predicted that they would terminate in a disgraceful death. May all young men take warning from me, and then violating the obligations due to parents, and especially to mothers, who bore them, and nursed them in infancy, remember that the end of such is certain and sudden destruction. How true will your prophetic words prove—when in the anguish of your soul you have expressed your fears that my days would be ended on the scaffold or within the bars of a prison. I pray that God will forgive all the suffering and anguish that I have caused you and that in his mercy he will soften this last blow from an undutiful son upon the heart of a mother. In my dying, my last thoughts will turn to you, and my last prayer, next to mercy on my own sinful soul, will be, that God will stay and support your declining years.

I can say nothing to comfort or console you except to protest my innocence. I enclose you a lock of my hair, which I hope you will keep in memory of your unfortunate and miserable son.

WILLIAM SHELTON.

ONE CONSOLATION.—An Irishman, a day or two since, who had been often and profitably employed as a stevedore, was observed one day intently gazing at a steam engine, that was whirling away at a swift rate, doing his work for him, and lifting the cotton out from the hold of a ship, quicker than you can say "Jack Robinson." Pat looked at his anger was pretty well up, then shaking his fist at it he exclaimed "choog, choog, choog, spit, spit, stame it, and be bothered, ye old devil that ye are!" Ye may do the work of twenty five fellows—ye may take the bread out of an honest Irishman's mouth—but, by the powers, now, ye can't vote! old blazer, mind that will ye.

Often, when I hear tell how one or another has met with a joyful change on an unexpected piece of good fortune—when I see how spring follows winter, and makes it forgotten; how sunshine succeeds to rain, calm to tempest—there a wakes in me too a joyous feeling, and earth change, like the earth itself, also for me will there probably some time be a change too. Hope is a fountain, whose secret and hidden veins well forth eternally in the human breast. But when I hear of disappointed hopes, of wishes never fulfilled, of prisoners for a lifetime, then my courage sinks, and I ask myself why should it go better with me than with others?—Friedrich Biemer

NEWSPAPERS.—The number of newspapers taken by the people of the United States annually, averages over sixteen to every inhabitant, man, woman, or child. In the British empire, only one person in twelve thousand takes a newspaper, in Belgium one in twenty-five thousand, in Russia one in thirty-five thousand, in Prussia one in every twenty thousand.

Execution of Count Bocarme

The execution of Count Hippolyte Vissart de Bocarme, condemned for poisoning the brother of his wife with essential oil of tobacco, took place at Mons, in Belgium, on Friday July 18.

About 6 in the morning M. Godding, governor of the prison, repaired to the cell of the unhappy Count, and informed him that his appeal to the Court of Cassation had been rejected. The first effect of this intelligence was a profound stupefaction. A moment after he exclaimed—"Impossible!" His face, ordinarily pale, became suffused with blood, and his limbs trembled violently. Presently he began to speak, of the possibilities of yet receiving a pardon. The governor told him he had little to hope for from that extreme resource. He was then left in his cell, under the guardianship of the three keepers, who had never left him since his sentence. He shortly asked to see the procurer, who visited him in company with an officer of the court, at 8 o'clock.

The procurer read to him the judgment of the Court of Cassation, and the rejection of his appeal, and told him the day and hour fixed for his execution. This terrible announcement was received with the most perfect tranquillity. "I have but one more request to make," said the Count, "be kind enough to take care that the blade of the guillotine is well sharpened. I have read of executions where much suffering has followed the neglect of this precaution, and the thought of that makes me tremble." The procurer told him he would observe his request as the last wish of a dying man. The magistrate, on leaving, said, "you have now no affairs to occupy you but those of your soul." "That is the priest's affair," was the Count's response. "M. Abbe Andrieu, chaplain of the prison, and M. Descamps, Dean of St. Wandu, were sent for, the latter brought with him the Archbishop of Cincinnati, distantly related to the Bocarme family.

The condemned was left alone with the Archbishop, but notwithstanding the most urgent entreaties, he refused to confess. It was then about noon and the clergyman thought it better to leave him to his own reflections for a few hours before making another appeal to his conscience. At a later hour he betrayed a real emotion. At intervals he wept, and at last consented to reach to the consolations of the priest. At 4 o'clock he confessed. From time to time, however, he enquired respecting the hour, and wept like a child, and sat on the knee of one of his keepers, for whom he had conceived an affection. In the evening, without any preparation, and as if suddenly struck with the thought, he exclaimed, "I will give each of you 100,000 francs if you will let me escape." At 10 o'clock the procurer again visited him in his cell. After then departure he asked for some refreshment.

From this moment until the hour when the executioner was to prepare him for the scaffold, he sat in his cell talking with his confessor and maintaining all the coolness and resignation of manner which characterized his demeanor on the trial. An immense crowd assembled to witness the execution, and waited in profound silence in front of the prison.

A little after six the executioner entered the cell of the Count, and the preparations were completed without the least departure on the part of the condemned from the sang froid which he had hitherto maintained. "Are you my executioner?" said he. "Yes, M. le Comte." "Ah!" This was the last word before ascending the scaffold. He was accompanied to the place of execution by the Archbishop of Cincinnati and the Dean of St. Wandu, and walked unsupported with a firm step, carrying his head erect—his face pale, but calm.

His hands were secured behind his back. Having inhaled for a moment the scent of a bottle of toilette vinegar offered him by the Dean of St. Wandu, he embraced him and the Archbishop, kissed the crucifix for the last time, walked steadily up the steps, and placed himself on the board to which the assistants of the executioner were waiting to fasten him with straps. During this operation, which lasted five minutes, he turned his head several times and looked at the crowd. Then to one of the men, who being somewhat nervous, was hurried in his manner, he said, "not so fast, there is time enough," and an instant afterward—"slacken this thong, so much precaution is not needed."

All preparation being completed, he regarded the knife for a moment with a look of mingled curiosity and astonishment, and then laid his head on the cushion. The executioner gave the signal, a dull heavy sound was heard, and Hippolyte Bocarme, having suffered the judgment of man, passed to the presence of his God.

A young lady appeared at the Oshkosh ball, on the 4th inst., in a white dress with short skirt and pants. The gentlemen admired her much, but several of the ladies said that it was unmodest. She turned to some of them whose dresses were "indefinitely low in the neck," and quietly remarked, that if they would pull up their dresses about their necks, their skirts would be as short as her own. They turned away.

The Governor's Daughter

Mrs. Page, the President of the late Woman's Rights Convention, has been stopping with Gov. Wood, at his residence eight miles from Cleveland. In a letter to the Ohio Cultivator she thus speaks of the Governor's wife and daughters.

"These ladies work in the garden, train up the vines, weed the beds, tend the borders and make around a fairly land of beauty and luxury. Why may not you do the same?"

"Now, dear girls, you whose homes are situated away from the bustle and confusion of the city—by the babbling brooks, or upon the borders of the forest, or even you who live in more favored places; amid the comforts of wealth and ease, let me ask you something to think about the wife of our Governor—think of her as one like unto yourself—performing all life's holiest duties, cheerfully. Go imitate her quiet domestic virtue—be faithful to your duties, create around an atmosphere of beauty and usefulness, live plain, simple, truthful, earnest lives. Think less of the trimmings of your dress, more of the garniture of your hands and hearts, and more of your yards and gardens. For the sake of those you love do this. How can you sons or your brothers grow up coarse and unrefined if you throw around them a panorama of beauty and harmony. Fill your gardens and your yards with fruits and shrubbery—tell the birds to your bowers, and let them sing their merry harmonies at the threshold, and by and by you may have a home of your own, each one of you, that will fill the heart of the sojourner within thy gates with hopeful happiness."

GOOD MANNERS.—It has been said that a "man's manners form his fortune." Whether this be really so or not, it is certain that his manners form his reputation—stamp upon him as it were, his current worth in the circles where he moves. If his manners are the products of a kind heart, they will please, though they may be destitute of graceful polish. There is scarcely any thing of more importance to a child of either sex, than good breeding. If parents and teachers perform their duties to the young, faithfully, there will be comparatively, few destitute of good manners.

Go into a family where the parents are civil and courteous toward each other and toward all within their household, whether as dwellers, or as guests, all their children will learn good manners just as they learn to talk, from imitation. But reverse this order of things concerning parents, and the children learn ill manners, just as in the former case, they learned good manners, by imitation.

Train children to behave at home as you would have them act when abroad. It is almost certain, that they will, while children, conduct themselves when abroad as they have been in the habit of doing under like circumstances when at home. "Be courteous," is an apostolic injunction which all should ever remember and obey. Then would good manners be the common inheritance of mankind.

TEACH CHILDREN TO THINK.—Study, and the means of study, are indispensable—but all study and no reflection will never make a scholar. A man may read a monument of books, and never know the more, because, knowing but a little of all, he knows nothing definite of a part. So with children. They should obtain the faculty of reflection. Moderate study, and rigid, systematic, untiring thought, will bring a child any sufficient knowledge. Who is the successful man? He who thinks. Who the distinguished professional man? He who reflects and investigates. And who the enviable scholar?—the book worm? Ask Newton with his apple, Watt with his engine, or Franklin and Morse with the kite and lightning—and they will tell you, as all history portrays, that knowledge comes only after close, vigilant thought, and show me that boy who is reserved, thoughtful and inquisitive, and when he comes to manhood I will point you to an intellect, or the girl who sees beauty in nature, and admires nature for its beauty and instruction, and I will show you a store of intellectual brightness.

To detect arsenic in candles, take a piece of gold coin or a gold dollar or sleeve button, and suspend it over the flame of a candle, (one or two inches above,) taking care not to make the metal any thing like red hot. After being thus suspended for a few minutes, cool and rub the piece, and the sublimated arsenic will be found deposited on the polished surface of the gold. It will be amalgamated with it, and exhibit a white metallic lustre like inferior silver plate. It is well known that arsenic is very extensively used in the manufacture of all or most of the various sorts of hard composition candles, whatever name they assume. The community ought to have some protection against this mode of disseminating poison.

SLEEP.—Women require more sleep than men, and farmers less than those engaged in almost any other occupation. Editors, authors, and artists need more sleep than those of most other professions. The same is true of precocious children.

CLIPPINGS.

WATERMELON SUGAR.—The Chicago Tribune, acknowledging the receipt of genuine saccharine matter, extracted from the watermelon, says.

"We have seen and used sugar made from cane, maple, corn, and beets, but we have never seen any so pure and deliciously sweet as this. To our mind it is equal to the best quality of honey. The watermelon possesses a great amount of saccharine matter in a very pure state, and we do not see why making sugar from it could not be made a profitable business in a climate adapted to the growth of it."

THE DEVIL.—We have all one bright spot in our character. The devil, for instance, invented modesty. Till the adversary appeared to Eve, people dressed naked. Aprons came in with sin, while brooches of skin owe their invention to breaches against the commandments—"The gentleman in black" may have ruined man, but he has proved the salvation of tailors and mantua-makers.

A rich bachelor of New Jersey lately died, leaving by will several legacies, of from ten to twenty-five thousand dollars each, to ladies whom he had adored, but who had rejected him. He said they had afterwards grown to be so ugly that he could not be sufficiently grateful.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said a western lawyer, "I don't mean to insinuate that this man is a covetous person, but I will bet five to one that, if you should bait a steel trap with a new three cent piece and place it within six inches of his mouth, you would catch his soul."

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—The marriage of an aged couple is recorded in the last number of the Cincinnati Commercial. In Lewis County, Ky., on the 31st ult., Joseph Moore, aged 78, was married to Miss Mary Telen, aged eighty-four—the third wife to the groom, and the fifth husband to the bride.

Place a basin of cold water beside your bed. When you first awake in the morning dip your hands in the basin and sleep will not again seal you in its treacherous embrace. This is the advice of an aged clergyman who had been no habit of rising early during a long life.

A PHILOSOPHER.—Two fools at Lowell, a young married woman and a bachelor, ran off lately. The husband saw them, as they got seated in the cars, gave three cheers, waved his hat, bade them enjoy themselves if they could, and then went home a happy man.

Fuller, of the New York Mirror, was badly beat by a ragged newsboy who was standing in his way, and to whom he said, "Vamoose, you little jackass." The urchin looked him in the face as he replied, "I ain't a jackass—they're fuller in the face, fuller in the ears, and fuller all over!"

UP TO HIM.—A pedler calling on an elderly lady the other day to dispose of some goods, in conversation inquired if she could tell him of any road that no pedler ever traveled. "Yes," said she, "I know of one, which no pedler ever has traveled—the pedler's countenance brightened—and that's the road to Heaven."

THE CUBAN FLAG.—The flag adopted by the Cubans has a white star in the centre of a triangular red ground, near the staff, from which extends alternate blue and white stripes.

Oliver Cromwell's grace before dinner.

"Some have meat, but cannot eat,
And eggs can eat, but have no meat,
And so—the Lord be praised!"

A Southern wag says the reason why South Carolinians are so foul-mouthed, in their denunciations against their country and its Constitution, is because they have been salivated with the Charleston Mercury.

TEMPORARY MARRIAGE.—A Frenchman who was arraigned lately in Critten-den county, Vermont, on a charge of bigamy, pleaded in excuse of the marriage, that "his first was undersold at the time to be for only three months!"

Young ladies who have the good fortune to become farmer's wives, will find it more profitable to know how to make Johnny cake and cheese, than to play on the piano.

Some of the bachelors in the Ohio Legislature are for a tax on bustles. We never knew of a bachelor yet that hadn't something to say of the ladies behind their backs.

Smokers, we observe, take a lively interest in Cuban affairs, being fearful that a revolution may lessen the production, and raise the price of the weed.

Proud men can never have friends, for in prosperity they know nobody, and in adversity nobody knows them.

THE AIR LINE RAILROAD.—We learn from the New Haven Register of Saturday that about \$300,000 have been subscribed in Middletown alone toward the "Air Line" Road. Everything indicates the speedy building of this great Railroad.



Oregon Spectator.

OREGON CITY

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1851.

D. J. Schuchly, Editor

A Fact to be Remembered.
That the Spectator gives more reading matter than any other paper in the Territory.

We are sorry that our course as an editor does not suit the fancy of our neighbor, the Statesman. Our ambition is a little more exalted than to be satisfied with pleasing one whose taste is so grovelling, and who aspires to be nothing else than an ardent blackguard. And as we print our paper for the perusal of decent people, we shall not care a fig for the growling of the rhetorical Statesman. It is certainly very commendable in an editor to write weekly puff of his circulation—the wages he pays, he having entered into a contract with his printers for a certain price, and boasts that he pays what he is obliged to pay and cannot get over. Although we have paid the utmost farthing on all our contracts, yet we think it not a virtue that needs weekly commendation. The world is full of such virtue, were it otherwise proprietors of newspapers would have insurmountable difficulties to encounter in the continuation of their business.

Above and beyond all else we have an undeviating reverence for truth, nor do we believe we have a reader in the world who thinks us capable of knowingly departing from it. And we defy the whole malicious pack who howl upon our track to take our files and point out a single untruth uttered by us.—Statesman

WHAT UNBLESSED EFFORTS! Is there a person in our community who did not, upon reading the above, which appeared in the Statesman of last week, pronounce it a shameless assertion, utterly untenable and unblushingly false? Now we would ask, has there been a single issue of the Statesman, since its birth, that has not contained one or more falsehoods? His course began in iniquity and has continued in scandal. Every exertion has been used to carry the people on the side of party—almost every shift and turn has been made that the ingenuity of man could devise, to accomplish it, as though the cause had no virtue of its own, and must be supported by all manner of wickedness, truckling and double dealing. Is such an expedient a necessary resort for the founding of a party? We think not. We have too good an opinion of our worthy citizens professing to be democrats to entertain any such idea.

It is now the 28th of October, and no frost has yet made its appearance.—Vegetation is still green and fresh looking, and the weather truly delightful. The leaves upon the trees are still green, and the grass is over two inches in height.—The stock will be abundantly provided for during the winter. Is there any country that will begin to compare with Oregon? Who would not be delighted with the solid comforts to be enjoyed in its wholesome climate? our incomparable winters—stock running at large uncared for, and our farmers the most independent men of all God's creation. They enjoy to the full extent

The gentle Oregon breezes
That fit among the trees—
So mild that nothing freezes.

Some ill-natured person has been guilty of the unpardonable crime of shooting hogs about town, because their fences are not good enough to keep them out of their yards and gardens. We are told that not only a single instance of this kind has occurred, but several others. Hogs have been deliberately shot.

person who would be guilty of such an act of cruelty would steal a dead man's money.

Died at his residence, in Portsmouth, N. H., on 4th September, after a short but painful illness, Hon. LEVI WOODBURY. This distinguished man received the nomination for Governor of that State by the Democratic party a short time since. He had many advocates, who had loved him, would have placed him in nomination for the Presidency at the next Democratic national convention.

Read the news from Cuba.

The contract for carrying the mail from Astoria to Oregon City, was let at \$10,000 per annum. The distance is about 112 miles. The contract for carrying the mail to the Great Salt Lake was let at \$8,000. The distance is near 1000 miles, and nearly the entire route has to be travelled by land. The one to Astoria is carried semi-monthly, and can be performed in about 2½ days, the other is carried once every two months, and requires nearly the whole time to make it, and the route lies almost totally through an uninhabited district, save by cruel and blood-thirsty savages, who have cruelly murdered 32 immigrants this season. It will be observed that there is a slight difference in the two lettings. These contracts have been let too for four years. The people of Oregon were not permitted to enter the field as competitors for the route to Astoria. Thus the enterprising men of our own country are crushed by legislation for the benefit of New York capitalists.

Wanted at this office, a chap of tender age, who shall possess smartness enough to concoct "correspondence" from any quarter of the globe, but more particularly from the "Dalles," "Umpqua," "Honolulu" and "Havana." That from Honolulu is expected not to wait for mails, vessels direct, nor for the express. Any person "overly" honest need not apply, but the person must have ingenuity enough, no matter about principle or honesty, to shape his correspondence to suit any emergency that may arise at home.

That box of cigars accompanied with the respects of Allan McKimble, & Co., that was laid on our table last week, gives us an opportunity of making known to the public where a prime article of cigars may be found. They may consider our beaver touched in the most polite manner we are capable of doing. We can "puff" to some purpose now. It is a fact too, that they have got a well filled store, and goods cheap for the "ready down," groceries of all kinds, China goods, etc.

NIGHTMARE ROUTE.—We have been informed by Mr. Vandewater, the enterprising agent, that the difficulties attending the transportation of passengers between the two oceans have been entirely overcome by the arrangements now made. The passengers by the Pacific were compelled to wait at San Juan five days for their baggage, owing to the fact that Gen. Munro seized a portion of the mules engaged in transportation, belonging to the company. The connection between the two steamers on the River and Lake, is now so far completed, that passengers only have to walk about 300 yards between the two. The seizure of the mules was in consequence of the country being in a state of insurrection, and the mules were pressed into service. Mr. Vandewater, confidently expects that all obstacles to the new route are obviated by the measures adopted.—Cal. Courier

Cassius M. Clay will be seen by the following extract, is thankful for small favors. He bears his defeat like a man.

"My canvass is closed. I have received but a few thousand votes," (679 in my own country), it is true, but a great one is gained. I have achieved the liberty of the press, and now the freedom of debate. 'The reign of terror' in Kentucky is no more, a permanent party is planted, that must at last make free my own native land."

TROOPS FOR OREGON.—Major Kearney leaves to day in the steamship Columbia, with his command for Port Orford, where a military post has been established. The horses, baggage and other effects belonging to the troops, will leave in a few days for the same place, by the steamer Sea Gull. The Indians in that country have become so troublesome that it is necessary that they should be forced to keep the peace.—Cal. Courier

Vallejo is likely to remain the Capital after all. The people are completing the State House according to the bond given, and the building will be ready for occupancy in a few weeks, long before the State opens its doors. It is said that the Governor elect, knows no more of the capital but Vallejo, nor can he if he had. It is complied with.—Senora (Cal.)

Newel & Co., formerly Todd & Co. express agent, furnished us papers in the States and California, some fourteen hours in advance of the mail. It will be seen by their advertisement that Newel & Co. have purchased the interest of Todd & Co. in Oregon, and intend running it with every possible dispatch.

The last wonder is what vessel of mail brought the Statesman's letter from Honolulu! A friend says it must have come a lightning.

We return thanks to J. Ferguson for States and California papers.

The river Nile, says Mr. Glidden has sunk 22 feet in 4,000 years.

Correspondence.

For the Spectator
LAPORTE, Yamhill County, ?
Oct 18, 1851.

DEAR SPECTATOR.—I returned from the mines a few days since, and was rejoiced to once more get into the midst of civilization and the comforts of life. We had no difficulty with the Indians, turned our horses loose every night, and slept without any guard.

My satisfaction with everything around me, however, was considerably lessened by noticing the unscrupulous course of certain public journalists, who seem to consider their duty, and sphere of usefulness to consist almost entirely in traducing all, who in any way conflict with their pecuniary interests, or are presumptuous enough to entertain opinions different from those they cherish. But I was most surprised when I saw the disposition so manifest on the part of some to maliciously traduce and vilify the acts of the Governor, with regard to the treaty with the Rogue River Indians. And that any man could be found in Oregon, so utterly destitute of humanity, and every characteristic of a gentleman, as thus to assail another, while, by the dispensation of Divine Providence, he was already suffering under an accumulated load of sorrows is more than I would have believed, except upon the production of such evidence as I have had. It is a very easy matter, Mr. Editor, for any one who is unscrupulous enough for the purpose, to sit in his room, in the midst of plenty and security, and attack any and all the acts of a public officer, and traduce him for what he has done and for what he has not—to find fault with both the matter and the manner. I say this is a very easy matter, and possibly to some it may afford much satisfaction, but to all who are in any way acquainted with the difficulties and dangers attendant upon a journey through a country inhabited by hostile Indians, it cannot but be a matter of regret, that such petty fault finding politicians should be found in our midst, and the productions of such are entitled to and receive the contempt of all good citizens. I travelled through the country a short time previous to the making of the treaty, and saw the hostile disposition of those Indians, at that time manifested on several occasions. As I said before, I have just returned, and we had no trouble what we now this present amicable state of things, was not brought about except through the efforts of some one, and be that one who it may, he is entitled to the thanks of all who desire to see Oregon receive the advantages of a profitable and lucrative trade from that quarter. Whether the Governor was, or was not, the proper person to make the treaty, is a matter of little consequence to those most benighted by it, and this class would, I assure you, be the last to question his motives in making it. If he was not the proper officer, where was the right man? that he did not come forward and use his efforts to save the lives and property of his fellow men!

Let the writer of those scurrilous productions travel through the country of hostile Indians, and lose by their merciless hands a brother, father or friend, and then see if he would or could find it in his heart to vilify the acts of any man, who would, by his influence and exertions, save him from their unfeeling barbarity in the future, and if it should not be found exactly within the limits of this man's duties, he then, as we now do, would consider him entitled to all the more gratitude for his disinterested efforts to save the lives of his fellow men. As I have said before, those who have business that calls them through that country, are far from being dissatisfied, and finding fault with the treaty, because, forsooth, it possibly was not the Governor's sworn duty to go and make it. They are honestly grateful to him for his interference, and if they become satisfied that the labor he performed in making the treaty, should have been done by another, they will award him double thanks.

The miners generally were not doing much when I left; but were engaged in hunting winter diggings. Health good, and supplies plenty.

Yours,
A PACKER

EDITOR SPECTATOR.—I see by the last Statesman that its editor unblushingly asserts that he has not published a single article in his paper but what was perfectly true. Ha, ha, I can't help laughing. That makes me think of the notorious liar, who, when accused of his want of veracity, boldly said "Why sir, I never told a lie in my life!"

Policy is a system of ethics, invented and used by statesmen and politicians. It has a bad name when adopted in private transactions between man and man.

Spain News.

By the last mail is brought confirming intelligence respecting the attempted revolution in Cuba—of the total failure of the scheme, and the deception practiced by the leaders upon the people of the U. States, who were silly enough to believe the honeyed stories about the glorious victory to be obtained, and the glittering future that awaited all participants in the expedition. The bubble has burst—scarce a hope is anywhere entertained as to the overthrow of the government—Spanish authority reigns supreme over the island. The whole movement, on the part of the so-called patriots, has not amounted to more than a flash in the pan. We can think the motto of Davy Crockett was observed in the matter—"Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

The latest news from Havana is Sep. 1, the day on which Lopez was executed. We clip from the California Post the following condensed account of the closing scenes.

The New York Sun announces the result in the following terms—

The prospect of Cuban Independence, which dawned so brightly within a few days past, is now obscured by dark clouds of adversity. Gen. Lopez and his heroic band have suffered the most entire and disastrous defeat, and nearly all of them have paid the penalty with their life's blood.

After leaving Colonel Cuttenden, it appears that Lopez and his command proceeded to Las Villas, which they found abandoned by the inhabitants, who would not return nor join him. The next day he was attacked by the government troops, who were forced to retire, leaving him in possession of the place, with the loss of Colonel Frayag, Captain Oberte, and about fifty men. In appointed of support Lopez and his command started for Pinar del Rio and the mountains, but were disastrously misled by their guide to the coffee farm of Pinar, where they had an encounter with the troops, which resulted in the loss of 220 men. With these he started to Buir, and while breakfasting next morning at Candelaria, his force was surprised, attacked and dispersed by the Queen's troops—two had themselves in the forest, one without arms, while they remained four days, with but little to eat. Then an order came to give them quarter.

The following are the names and places of nativity of the prisoners as published by the authorities of the Island. It will be seen that they comprise only a part of the 355 and to be given here.

New York—Elias Ouz, Michael O'Brien, John O'Brien, 1st Lt. F. S. Van Vechten, M. W. L. Hoffman.

Washington—Capt Robert Ellis, Thomas Hilton.

Monte—1st Lt. E. H. McDonald, D. D. Wain, H. D. Tomason, Charles A. Denuncie, E. B. Wain.

New Orleans—1st Lt. James G. Dixon, J. G. Bush, W. Wilcox, Allen, P. Lacoste, M. Lieger, P. Coleman, Henry Smith, John Cling, George Foster, C. Knoll, Nicholas Post, J. Martin, Patrick McGrath, Charles S. Daily, James Fiddes, S. H. Pinell, Conrad Taylor, Thomas Denton, C. A. McMurray, James Patton, Conrad Aghau, J. C. Giers, G. Richard, John B. Brown, Thomas S. Lee, Capt. James Aquella, Harvey William, F. Rial, H. Boyd.

Philadelphia—Thomas Little, Commissary J. A. Sheppon, Geo. Wilson.

Kentucky—1st Lt. D. D. Roseau, Lt. Robert Mathier, J. D. Hughes, Wm. H. Vaugale, Francis B. Helmes, Malbone H. Scott.

Missouri—1st Lt. W. H. Craft, 1st Lt. J. D. Prentiss, W. L. Wilcox, C. Cook.

California—James Chapman, G. H. L., James Brady.

Pennsylvania—Henry P. Hart, Sr. Louis, Jacob Potts, Preston Esce, Virginia—Wm. Cameron.

Mississippi—Thomas Mouton, Wilson E. Rivers.

Ohio—Isaac Freeborn.

United States—Cornelius Derby Peter Falbo, Ben. Hanc.

England—William Can sans, John Nowes.

Ireland—Henry B. Metcalfe, George Metcalfe, James Potter, Thos. McDermott, Cuna—Bernardo Allen, Julio Chasagne, Francisco Garbia y Garcia, Ramon J. Arnao, Jose Doyren, Manuel Martinez, Antonio Hernandez, Martin Melcosima.

Germany—Johannes Suert, Edward Wisse, Wilhelm Lesner, Robert Seelust, Chas. Seneph.

Hungary—George Bantista.

New Granada—Andres Gonzalez, Alvezar—Francisco A. Love.

Batavia—Mannuel Diaz.

Nayarit—Antonio Romero.

Spain—Francisco J. Zamora.

Not stated—Antonio J. Alfonso, Manuel Aragon, Jose Poyanotie y Rubina, Joaquin Casanova, Miguel Gueita, Wm. Mac Kinney, Dandus Sear, Leonardo Sully, I. D. Bakoi, Luis Bander.

The following prisoners were taken at or near San Cristobal, and are now in Havana.

James Smith, Joseph Gunn, Don Agustin Montoro.

The Lieut. Governor of Bahia Honda has put to the disposition of his Excellency, the three pirates whose names follow.

James Porter, Ireland. Francisco Iglesias Zamora, the Peninsula. Ramon Ignacio Amasa, Mantanzas.

Adding to that number the one hundred and twenty seven who are already in Havana, and twenty-five who will arrive in

a few hours, the total number of the prisoners taken will be one hundred and fifty-five.

The Aigus arrived at Charleston on the 6th September, and brought Matanzas advices to the 29th of August, to the effect that 800 of the prisoners of the expedition of Lopez had been executed, and that thirteen who were still on board the steamer Pizarro, had been brought in by the negroes. The Spaniards taunt the Creoles with inviting Lopez to the island, and then abandoning him. Americans in Matanzas are in some alarm for their safety on account of the great excitement.

The Cuban liberators, who are assembled at New Orleans, are penniless, and are demanding money of the Cuban committee in order to get home.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6. Official Despatches.—The Republic of this morning publishes a despatch from Commander Platt, of the U. S. Ship of War Albany, lying at Havana detailing an interview which he had with the prisoners, shortly after their arrest and confinement in the prisons of Cuba.

Capt. Platt states that he told them before receiving any statement from them, that they were in full possession of the Spanish Government, and that nothing could be done for them.

He would, however, forward them statement to his government.

Captain James A. Kelly acted as speaker for the prisoners in the presence of others.

They brought with them 50,000 cartridges.

Soon after their arrival, they found that they had been deceived, and became anxious to return to their homes.

They had been informed before sailing, that fourteen towns were in possession of the patriots. They found that the country people generally fled at their approach, and not one joined them.

Worn out with hunger and fatigue, they threw away their arms and ammunition one by one before their capture.

Captain Kelly related that he had been written to and prevailed upon by M. Serru, of the New Orleans Delta, to join the expedition, as had also many others.

He further stated that when the prisoners were taken the capture of Lopez, a cry of joy and exultation ran through them all.

Col. S. and Haynes, of Tennessee, as also all of their leaders, are still believed to be in the mountains.

The Republic says that on the receipt of these dispatches, copies were sent of the Republic to the Spanish Minister, to further enter the appeal already made, to deal leniently with the prisoners, in view of the fact that they had been grossly deceived.

Letter from Col. Crittenden.

From the New Orleans Creole, Sept. 2.

The following letter, the last that the Col. Crittenden ever wrote, has been forwarded to us for publication. The news which we publish to day shows that he was mistaken in his sweeping estimate of Cuban de facto freedom, as, indeed, he had never passed beyond the east island, by Spanish soldiers, he had no opportunity of fairly judging.

San Francisco, Sept. 10, 1851.

DEAR LUCIAN.—In half an hour I, with fifty others, am to be shot. We were taken prisoners yesterday. We were in small boats. Gen. Lopez separated the boats in the command from me. I had with me about one hundred—was attacked by two battalions of infantry and one company of horse. The odds were too great, and strange to tell, I was not furnished with a single musket cartridge. Lopez did not get any artillery. I have not the heart to write to any of my family. If the truth ever comes out, you will find that I did my duty, and have the perfect confidence of every man with me.

We had retired from the field, and were going to sea, and were overtaken by the Spanish steamer Alabancero, and captured. Tell Gen. Houston that his nephew got separated from me on the 13th, the day of the fight, and that I have not seen him since. He may have straggled off and joined Lopez, who advanced rapidly to the interior. My people, however, were entirely surrounded on every side. We saw that we had been deceived grossly, and were making for the United States when taken. During my short sojourn in this island, I have not met a single patriot. We landed some forty or fifty miles to the westward of this, and am sure that in that part of the island Lopez has no friends.

When I was attacked Lopez was only three miles off. If he had not been deceiving us, as to the state of things, he would have fallen back with his force and made fight, instead of which he marched on immediately to the interior. I am requested to get you to tell Mr. Green, of the custom-house, that his brother shares my fate. Victor is also with me, also Sanford. I recollect no other of your acquaintances at present. I will die like a man. My heart has not failed me yet, nor do I believe it will. Communicate with my family.

This is an incoherent letter, but the circumstances must excuse it. My hands are swollen to double their thickness, resulting from having them too tightly corded for the last eighteen hours. Write to John, and let him write to my mother. I am afraid that the news will break her heart. My heart beats warmly towards her now.

Farewell! My love to all my friends. I am sorry that I die owing a cent, but it is inevitable.

Yours, strong in heart,
W. L. CRITTENDEN.

To Dr. Lucian Hensley.

Prepare your wood for winter.

From the New York Tribune.

European Affairs.

The steamer Franklin arrived at this port on Monday, bringing dates from London to the 27th August, and Paris to the 26th.

The cotton market was firm and prices had improved.

The political news is not important.

In England, the Railway Companies have held their annual meetings. The increase of travel has not kept pace with the increase of railways, the average profit is 3 per cent. The failure of the old and respectable house of Rucker & Sons, London, is announced. The promoters of the Evangelical Alliance met at Exeter Hall, on the 26th ult. The success of the yacht America is still talked of there. English yacht builders have offered to construct yachts for competition. The Cuban disturbances and the Lynch law in California are debated with some earnestness in the London journals.

In France, it is reported that an expedition will be sent to the Sea of Japan, under the orders of a Rear-Admiral, who has long navigated the Pacific ocean and the Chinese Seas. The expedition will, it is added, be at once military, commercial and scientific, and has for its object the opening to European commerce of which have been closed against it since the 16th century.

Italy is in a state of commotion, and it is said the Absolutists are turning Communists for the nonce.

In Austria the Government has expelled from its territories the late Consul of the United States at Trieste, Mr. Warrens the cause of the Emperor's displeasure is supposed to be the opposition expressed by Mr. W. to certain Governmental measures. An English fleet under Admiral Parker, had appeared off Trieste, and created a profound sensation at Vienna, as having a possible connexion with Lord Palmerston's speech on foreign affairs.

From China we have intelligence of a massacre of the British seamen belonging to the ship Larpet, which sailed from Liverpool for Shanghai on the 18th of May last. The vessel sprung a leak on the 12th September, off Loo-choo, and on reaching the land the sailors were plundered by the natives, and brutally massacred. A few individuals were sold in slavery, and subsequently effected their escape.

BRITISH AMERICA.—The Canadian parliament was prorogued by the Governor General on Saturday the 30th of August. The Royal Speech presents the revenue as in a satisfactory state, and refers to the grants for improving the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and to the reduction of the customs duties. Six bills were reserved for the approval of the Queen, three of which relate to churches and rectories two to the reduction of salaries, and one to the incorporation of the Port Erie and Buffalo Suspension Bridge Company. The present session was left uncompleted.

The reductions in the civil

list by the imperial government in 1850 have been carried out by the British Empire.

Salaries of the Chief Justices and that of the Chief Clerk are to be reduced from 4,500 to 3,600 a year upon the departure of the present incumbents from office.

The question now is prevailing to a great extent in Upper Canada.

WISCONSIN.—We have dates from Haver to Aug. 16th. Everything was in a quiet state in the political affairs of the island. The Emperor had returned to Cape Hatteras from his tour, having crossed the Dominion from west without being molested, and it was reported that the difficulties between the Dominican and Haytian governments had been amicably settled.

An eruption of the long dormant volcano of the Pelée Mountain, in Martinique took place on the night of August 5. It was accompanied with a noise similar to the approach of thunder, and with a strong vibration that was felt to a considerable distance. The town of St. Pierre, as well as all the surrounding country, was covered over with gray ashes. The population of Pelée was obliged to flee from their homes, and to take refuge in St. Pierre. There was no shock of an earthquake.

SOUTH AMERICA.—We have advices from Montevideo to June 29. The aspect of affairs in Brazil and Buenos Ayres, was by no means pacific. The Brazilian forces under Admiral Gienfel, the Commander in Chief, had penetrated the waters of the Uruguay, and were stationed at commanding points along the north bank of the river. The disaffection of the province of Entre Rios had been followed by that of Corrientes, warlike preparations were in train; and everything threatened a general outbreak. The mediation of Great Britain had been accepted by Gen. Rosas. The slave trade on the coast of Brazil was at a low ebb, a deep land scheme for its revival having been defeated by the British squadron. Only 1,000 slaves were landed during the first six months of 1851, while no less than 200,000 were landed in the same period of 1848.

AVON.—To kiss a rosy-cheeked girl, and find your mouth filled with "Venetian red," and she grow pale as it.

He who does not prevent a wrong when it is in his power, is equally criminal with him who commits it, and will be esteemed accordingly.

A boy in school who had received his politics from a democratic father, refused to cipher in federal money.

In England, Scotland, and Wales, there is but one voter in every seventeen inhabitants; in Ireland, only one to eighty.

☞ If the harvest of a single year should fail, nearly the whole human race would perish.

Just Received by Express!

3000 YARDS bolting cloth, for sale cheap
by GLO ABERNATHY & CO
Chegar City, Oct 27, '51 1841

Oregon City, Or 97131

Oregon City, January 21, 1851-1920

Dayton, June 1, '51 3988

Oregon City, August 19, 1851-50 (f

MISCELLANY.

A Narrow Escape

"You sail to-morrow for Hayti, captain?" inquired a bright-eyed, dark-skinned, but good-looking man, who might have been three to four degrees from the pure African, as he stepped over the gunwale of my little brig, on a pleasant morning in September, sixteen years ago.

"Yes," I replied, "close to day, and shall drop down by the morning tide."

"Any passengers?"

"None."

"If I can get ready I will take a passage with you. My baggage, which is bulky, is ten miles from the city, in New Jersey. But, captain, should I go, could you manage to land me—I don't care where, so that it is on the Island of Hayti—by night—secretly?" and the man looked me steadily in the face, as he asked me the question. Hayti was then, as it is now, and will be until re-occupied and governed by the whites, unsettled, revolutionized. I at once made up my mind that my copper-colored friend, albeit he spoke excellent English, and was an exile from the Island, desirous of returning on some political enterprise, and very readily expressed my willingness to take him and put him ashore as near St. Domingo, my place of destination, as he deemed it prudent to land.

The next morning my dark visaged passenger came on board, followed by a dozen trunks, which were very heavy as the efforts of my men in lifting them gave convincing evidence. He saw me eyeing his baggage cautiously, and with a careless laugh, remarked—

"If they weigh enough, captain, you will soon hear of a government being overturned."

"Oh, ho!" said I to myself, I have indeed got a political conspirator on board. Well, let the devil look after his own color—I care not who wins."

I pass over the incidents of the voyage during which the impression was deepened on my mind that my passenger was destined to play the part of Cataline to an astonished crowd of darkies, in that strong hold of darkness, Hayti. My promise was fulfilled. I put my friend, with his heavy baggage, safely on shore, I pocketed the passage money, and had forgotten all about him, when he again presented himself to my notice.

At this time, however, he was not quite so cool.

"I am in a hurry to get away from this Island," he exclaimed.

"The devil you are—didn't the trunks weigh enough?"

He grinned diabolically, but without otherwise noticing the remark, continued, "Captain, can't you be off to night?"

"Off to night?" Impossible. I have not carried enough on board for ballast."

"Never mind the cargo. Sail to-night and name the price."

"It can't be done, I'm chartered."

"Break the charter."

"That will not do, but keep cool. You are safe enough. The brigantine Louisa sails to-night for New York. You can get aboard of her."

"Impossible," and the man's pallid cheeks quivered as he spoke—"they will watch her, knowing that she is about to sail."

"But I can arrange that if your baggage is not too heavy," and I smiled as I spoke. "Be aboard here in two hours, and I will see you safe in the cabin of the Louisa. But bring light weight with you, or the risk will be greater."

He shook my hand and left me. I went on board the Louisa, told the captain that a poor devil of a patriot sought the means of escape, and arranged the passage. When I returned to my own vessel, the supposed patriot was there, having in a few minutes brought his baggage down and made himself ready for the flight. The boat of the brig was promptly manned, and was soon shot out of the harbor. As the men gave way he appeared to be greatly relieved.

"It's a dangerous game I've been playing," said he.

"And a losing one," I added.

"That depends much on yourself," he returned with a smile. "But we shall meet I hope in New York. Then, if not before, you'll know all about it."

We lay off at the distance of six miles, for the brigantine till midnight. The supposed patriot, the again exiled unfortunate was handed over to the protection of the captain of the Louisa, and I returned to town with the pleasant feeling about my heart which arises from the consciousness of a generous act performed. The next morning on visiting a coffee house, much frequented by merchants and captains, an unusual excitement attracted my attention.

"What is the matter now?" I inquired of an acquaintance.

"Why, haven't you read the proclamation of the government? Five thousand dollars for the head of a half-blooded African who covered the Island with spurious coin. There is the proclamation."

I read the document. It offered a reward of five thousand dollars for my passenger. The man I had secretly aided in his escape. I felt exceedingly uncomfortable, of course, but said nothing.

When we came to New York we met, but we did not renew the acquaintance. I have looked with suspicion on all political adventurers, especially tawny ones, ever since. The fellow made thirty thousand dollars by the operation. He risked his head, and but for me he would have paid the forfeit.—N. Y. Pathfinder.

The Turkish Sultan—His Family and His Palace

One of the most interesting articles we have perused in a long time, appeared in the last number of the Knickerbocker Magazine. The subject discussed was the Turkish Government, and very many facts are related, which to our readers will be matters of interest.

The present Sultan, Abdul-Medjid, is in his twenty-ninth year, and succeeded his father in 1839, when but seventeen years of age. Previous to his accession to the throne, but little was known of his life, or the way in which he was brought up. He had several sisters and one brother, all by other mothers than his own. The former have since his accession died, with the exception of one, who is a wife of the present minister of war. His brother still lives, and resides with the Sultan in his palace. The mother of the Sultan was a Circassian slave. She still lives. She is a large, portly lady, yet in the prime of life, and resides with her son, over whom she exercises great influence. In person the Sultan is of middle stature, slender, and of a delicate frame. His address, when unrestrained by official forms and ceremony, is gentle and kind in the extreme—more affable and engaging than that of his Pachas, and no one can approach him without being won by the goodness of heart which his demeanor indicates. He has never been known to commit an act of severity or injustice—his purse and his hand have always been open for the indigent and unfortunate, and he takes a peculiar pride in bestowing his honors upon men of science and talent. Among his own subjects he is very popular and much beloved—they perceive and acknowledge the benefit of the reforms which he has instituted, and he no longer need apprehend any opposition on their part. In some of the more distant portions of his empire, such as Albania, where perhaps foreign influence is exerted to thwart his plans, his new system of military rule has not yet been carried out, but it evidently soon will be, especially when its advantage over the old is felt by the inhabitants.

The palaces of the Sultan, on both banks of the Bosphorus, though externally showy, are very plain and simple in their interior arrangement. They are surrounded by high walls and guarded by soldiers. The first block of buildings which the traveller approaches on visiting them, up the Bosphorus, are the apartments of the eunuchs, the second his harem, or female apartments, and the third those of the Sultan. Beyond these are the offices of his secretaries, guard, and band of music, all beyond the walls of the palace. The number of eunuchs is some sixty or eighty, and the females in the harem are about three or four hundred. The Sultan never marries, all the occupants of his harem are slaves, and he generally selects from four to six ladies as his favorites, who bear children to him, and who succeed to his throne. The remainder of the females are employed as maids of honor, who attend upon his mother, his favorites, his brother's mother's favorite, if he have one, and upon his children. Many hold offices in the palace and are charged with the maintenance of good order and regularity. Many of them are aged females, who have been servants to his father, his mother, and his sister and brother, and have thus claims upon his kindness and protection. The only males who have the right of entrance to the imperial harem are the eunuchs, all of whom are black. The chief of their corps is an aged "gentleman of color," possessing the Sultan's confidence in an eminent degree, and in official rank is higher than any other individual connected with the imperial palace. The eunuchs are assigned to the service of the different ladies of the harem, do their shopping in the Bazaars, carry their messages, and accompany them on their visits. Indeed their duties are much like those of valet-bred gallants in our country, with all of the ambitious feelings which animate the latter, and certainly they never aspire to the possession of their affections. Some of them grow wealthy, possess much property, and slaves of both sexes, but as they can have no females, the Sultan is their legal heir. Eunuchs are possessed by many of the pachas and other officers of rank, for the purpose of serving their wives, sisters, and daughters—they cost four or five times as much as an ordinary black slave, and the highest officer seldom possesses more than ten of them at once.

The Sultan's palace is peculiarly his private home, and no officers of high rank occupy it with him. He has five private secretaries, and as many chamberlains. He has also two aids de camp, who are generally in command of the body guard, which has its quarters in the vicinity of the palace. He seldom, however, commands their attendance, their duties are to keep watch at the principal entrances, and to salute him or any of his higher officers who may arrive at or leave the Royal residence. The secretaries write out his orders, and the chief of the number receives all foreign communications or Turkish dignitaries who visit the palace on business. One of them is the Sultan's interpreter, and translates articles for his perusal from the foreign papers he receives from Europe and America by the Sultan. All official documents are sent to the chief Secretary by the different ministers of the Sublime Porte, and those received from the foreign embassies and legations are translated there, previous to being transmitted to the Sultan. No foreign legation ever transacts any official business directly with the Sultan, or through the chief (private) secretary, but the latter may be visited on matters relating to the sovereign personally. Documents from the Sublime Porte are always communicated through the Grand Vizier, who has a number of portfolios, in which these are placed, and

he sends them to the palace by certain functionaries charged especially with their conveyance. Of these the Vizier possesses one key, and the Sultan, or his chief secretary, another. The Sultan passes several hours of the day, from eleven to three, in the perusing of these papers, and in hearing their perusal by the private secretary before him, and his imperial commands are traced on their broad margin, either by his own hand in red ink, (as is customary in China) or he directs his secretary to do it for him. So very sacred are all manuscripts coming from his pen, that these papers seldom ever leave the bureau to which they belong except after his decess. It is only on such documents that the autograph of the Sultan is ever seen.

THINGS THAT I HAVE NEVER SEEN—I have never seen a zealous professed abolitionist who was not an intolerable bigot. Having such supreme regard for the slave they have nothing but wormwood for all who differ with them in any degree.

I have never seen a free trader, who did not think that the government should protect this particular interest.

I have never seen a third party in politics which was not ready to sell out to the highest bidder.

I have never seen a politician who was perpetually pleading conscience, who was not an impracticable dunce, or an arch intriguer.

I have never seen one who condemned expediency in all cases, that would not adopt any expedient to promote his own ends.

I have never seen a public man who professed great love for the people, who would not betray their interest when occasion should require.

I have never seen a politician who left his own party for the sake of promotion, who was not despised by all parties.

I have never seen a man who labored to form a new party who did not expect to be placed at its head.

I have never seen a democrat who was perpetually crying out aristocracy, who was not himself a perfect aristocrat in the circle he moved.

I have never seen a clergyman who preached politics on the Sabbath, who promoted his own interest, the peace of the parish, or the success of the party he attempted to sustain.

I will not say that these things never did occur, but I must say that I have never seen them, and if they did happen along very often, I think I should have met with them now and then. P. P. S.—Salem Gazette.

SUPERSTITION REGARDING FRIDAY—It is strange that Friday is regarded in all countries as a peculiar day. In England it is generally considered as unlucky, and many will not commence any undertaking on that day, and most sailors are firm in the belief that a vessel sailing on that day is sure to be wrecked. If a marriage takes place on that day, the old wives shake their heads and predict all kinds of evil on the bride and bridegroom nay, they even pity all children who are so unfortunate as to come into the world on that day.

In Germany, however, Friday is thought to be a favorable day for the solemnization of matrimonial and other undertakings, and the reason advocated for the preference attached, is said to be the belief, that witches and sorcerers invariably held their meetings on this day, and of course whilst they were amusing themselves with riding on broomsticks round the Blosburg, they could have no time to work any evil.

It is but a short time since that a large ship-owner at Hull, England, to do away with the superstition, caused the keel of a vessel to be laid on Friday. She was launched on a Friday, and named the Friday, she sailed on a Friday, but unfortunately for the philanthropic owner, she was never heard of afterwards, and the superstition, in consequence, has in that immediate vicinity since reigned uncontrollable.

A LOUD CERTIFICATE—Miss Susan Nipper gives a loud certificate in favor of some popular patent medicines of the day. She was suffering from general debility, sick head ache, heart burn, tape worms, constipation, rheumatism in the back, shoulders and hips, and besides these she didn't feel very well herself, more'n half the time. "At length," she says, "I was bro't very low, so that my most impudent friend did not know me, and the regular faculties did not expect me to live from one end to the other."

About this time a friend recommended, as a last resort, that I should try a few bottles of the Pectoral Oxenated Compound Sassafrilla double distilled extract of Cherry wine Bitters, and Syrup of Huckleberries, satisfaction given or money refunded, to be well taken before shaken, destroy the label as soon as possible, no pay no cure, beware of counterfeits, none genuine unless the proprietor is on the wrapper. I took three dozen bottles of this truly invaluable medicine, and it gave immediate relief in three months.

Personally appeared the said Susan Nipper as aforesaid, and swore to the foregoing, and said she 'd be darn'd—if it wasn't true.

Venice, Mr. Greely says in one of his foreign letters, is full of deserted palaces, which, though of spacious dimensions, and of the finest marble may be bought for less than the cost of an average brick house in the upper part of New York. The Duchess de Bern, mother of the Bourbon Pretender to the throne of France, has bought one of these and generally inhabits it, the Rothschilds own another, the d'Artois, Tagliani, it is said, owns four, and so on. Cheap as they are, they are a poor speculation than even corner lots in a lithographic city in Nebraska or Oregon.

A LAND OF WONDERS.—The following paragraph is from a report by Prof. Forrest Shepherd, who has lately made extensive explorations in California. It is interesting and doubtless true.

"I have now explored California for nearly two years. I can truly say it is a land of wonders. There are fresh flowers every month in the year, and winter now wears the bloom of spring. I have found water falls three and four times as high as Niagara, natural bridges of white marble far surpassing in beauty that of Rock-bridge in Virginia—some thousands of gold bearing veins, inexhaustible quantities of iron and chrome ore, lead, bismuth and quicksilver, most beautiful porcelain clay, and in short, every thing that can bless an industrious and enterprising people. In one valley I found more than forty springs over one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. In another valley sixteen geysers, like the famous one in Iceland in this famous abode of Vulcan, the rocks are so hot that you can stand upon them but a short time even with thick boots on. The silicious rocks are bleached to snowy whiteness, and brecciated and conglomerate rocks are now actually forming. The roar of geysers at times may be heard a mile or more, and the moment is one of the most intense interest as you approach them."

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